

OCTOBER 29, 1984

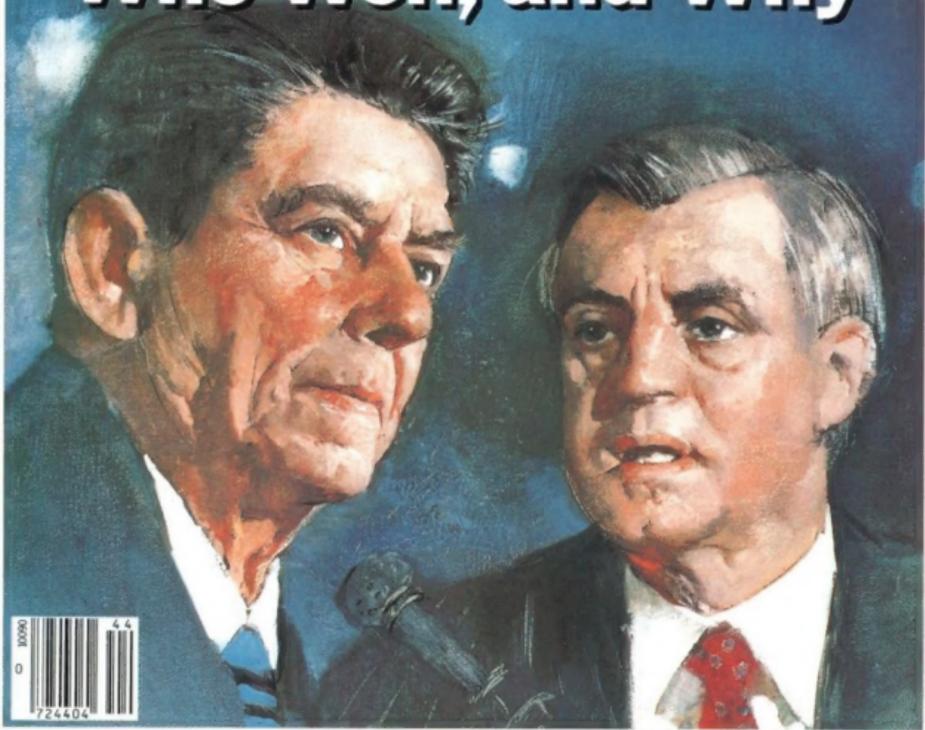
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TIME

SHOWDOWN

Who Won, and Why

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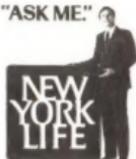
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COVER: Reagan and Mondale go head to head in a crucial debate 22

The President and the challenger square off on foreign policy as the Democrats take their last shot at drawing close before Election Day. A panel of experts assembled by TIME assesses who won, and why. The debates do more than any other campaign event to focus attention on the race, but do they truly help voters decide who would make the best President? See NATION.



WORLD: Duarte goes face to face with El Salvador's leftist guerrillas 42

As crowds cheer and hopes rise, the two sides converge in a mountain town's tiny church for a historic meeting. In a TIME interview, Duarte tells what went on behind closed doors. ▶ Nicaragua's election saunters toward the inevitable Sandinista victory. ▶ China extends its economic reforms from the country to the city. ▶ Some warm and timely words from Soviet Leader Chernenko.



NOBEL PRIZES: The prestigious awards celebrate remarkable achievers 62

Bishop Desmond Tutu of South Africa, a key figure in the battle against apartheid, wins the peace prize. ▶ Two physicists are named. ▶ The only American to be honored is R. Bruce Merrifield, a chemist who devised a method for creating proteins. ▶ Three men share the medicine award. ▶ Britain's Richard Stone is rewarded in economics for developing national income accounts.



35 Nation

A primer on insurgency is exposed as a CIA tract. ▶ Reagan seeks to ensure phone security. ▶ A blueblooded socialite is a Manhattan madam.

83 Living

Two young rebels, Stephen Sprouse, with his wild colors, and Jean-Paul Gaultier, with his crazy shapes, are rocking high fashion.

66 Economy & Business

Falling interest rates give Wall Street a lift. ▶ Discounters push OPEC toward a price cut. ▶ Canadian autoworkers walk out.

87 Behavior

Rioting after the final World Series game in Detroit shows that big ball games are often followed by big brawl games.

72 Press

Testimony from the best and brightest begins in General Westmoreland's celebrated libel suit against CBS.

90 Books

Home Before Dark is a bittersweet memoir of John Cheever by his daughter. ▶ Isaac Bashevis Singer's *Stories for Children* grows up.

74 Law

Liberals as well as conservatives have high praise for the most comprehensive overhaul ever of the federal criminal code.

104 Music

Ex-Diva Beverly Sills has managed to rescue the New York City Opera with strong new productions and financial stability.

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Cover: Illustration by Burt Silverman

A Letter from the Publisher

Fast closings and short deadlines are routine at TIME; they are part of the rhythms of newsmagazine journalism. But rarely have TIME's editors deliberately delayed the printing process a full day or imposed such formidable demands for speed and efficiency on editors, writers and correspondents as they did for this week's issue. When it became apparent that the foreign policy debate between Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale in Kansas City on Sunday night was likely to be the climax of the 1984 presidential campaign, it was decided to hold the presses for 24 hours. The result: a complete and timely story analyzing the dramatic confrontation, and the probable fallout.

The decision to postpone the magazine's close affected hundreds of people in and outside TIME's headquarters in Manhattan. Arrangements were made by the Picture Department to fly in film of the debate by chartered jet from Kansas City to New York City. Work shifts in ten U.S. printing plants and eight others around the world were rearranged to accommodate the later schedules. The firms that deliver copies of TIME to post offices and newsstands were notified so that trucking schedules could be altered.

Meanwhile, seven correspondents were dispatched to Kansas City. Laurence Barrett and John Yang from Washington, Jack White from New York and Christopher Ogden



Nation Senior Editors Isaacson and Smith

from Chicago reported and assessed the debate, question by question. Douglas Brew and Sam Allis, both from Washington, judged the individual performances of Reagan and Mondale. Washington Bureau Chief Robert Ajemian, in consultation with his TIME colleagues, contributed an overview of the event. In Washington, Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott reviewed how each candidate handled the details of foreign policy under the pressures of the face-to-face meeting. In addition, TIME had a panel of foreign policy and political science experts standing by to offer their own reactions immediately after the debate.

Within an hour after the final statements in Kansas City, the correspondents' reports were in the hands of the Nation section, headed by Senior Editors Stephen Smith and Walter Isaacson. After that, five writers and five reporter-researchers had just 4½ hours to turn out the entire cover package. Says Smith of the complicated logistics: "Like the candidates in their preparations for the debate, we were trying to cover every possible option and be ready for every possible contingency. And like them, we were rather hoping the debate would not offer too many unanticipated shocks."

John A. Meyers



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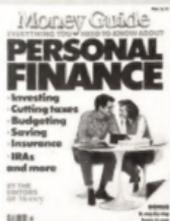
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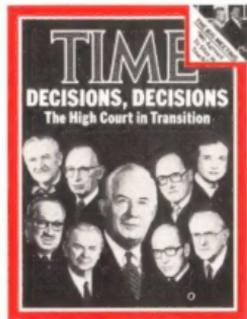
Letters

Court Arguments

To the Editors:

Supreme Court Justices [NATION, Oct. 8] are not appointed to further any private political view. Rather, the duty of the high court is to uphold the laws of this country and, as you say, "develop a higher loyalty" than mere politics. That distinction is the reason this nation has been able to remain a democracy.

Barbara Shaloo
Tinton Falls, N.J.



I am relieved that we have a chance to be rid of the probortion, procriminal, propornography Supreme Court whose decisions have done so much damage in the past quarter-century.

Donald L. Moore
Bellwood, Ill.

You state, "No matter how conservative it becomes, the Supreme Court is not about to return to the pre-Brown vs. Board of Education era and permit the state to discriminate against racial minorities." Do you really mean to associate conservatism with racial discrimination? Your allusion is disturbing.

Scott W. Jones
Williamsville, N.Y.

What a pathetic bunch of male jurists. Except for Sandra Day O'Connor, the Justices should all be replaced by the brilliant young ghostwriters who draft their opinions.

Peter N. Flessas
Milwaukee

Fearing the Future

Your report on the agreement for the return of Hong Kong to China [WORLD, Oct. 8] missed the point. It questioned whether the unique capitalist system, which has enabled the colony to prosper, can survive until the changing of the guard in 1997. Nothing destroys capitalist enterprises more effectively than fear, well-founded or not. I wonder if the prime



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Letters

movers in Hong Kong's commercial community will wait around to test China's promises and performance.

*H. Jackson Dorney
Miramar, Fla.*

I doubt that the Hong Kong accord will last 50 days, much less 50 years.

*Anthony Mantkowski
Carrouges, France*

Welcoming Gromyko

President Reagan tells Andrei Gromyko [NATION, Oct. 8] that, from the days of Konstantin Chernenko, Moscow's leadership of Vladimir Lenin to the current leadership of Konstantin Chernenko, Moscow's policy has been to promote world revolution. Maybe so, but this philosophy did not concern Americans before World War II. As an engineering student during the Hoover Administration, I had Soviet students in my classes. I also knew American engineers who had helped design and build a steel plant in the Soviet Union. After World War II, the two countries became antagonists in a cold war that continues to this day. Perhaps it is time to recall an admonition in George Washington's Farewell Address: "The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred is a slave to its animosity."

*Melville B. Millar
Redondo Beach, Calif.*

I am frightened by Reagan's inability to seize the initiative from Gromyko. With Reagan as President, the Soviets do not need military superiority; they will simply outsmart us.

*Arden F. Mahlberg
Madison, Wis.*

Beirut Blame

President Reagan's attempt to evade responsibility for the Beirut embassy bombing [WORLD, Oct. 8] by blaming former President Jimmy Carter injects partisan politics into our military. This is a destructive precedent not in keeping with American tradition.

*Frank A. Zimanski
Captain, U.S.N. (ret.)
Coronado, Calif.*

Heads should roll in the State Department, not in the Oval Office.

*Frank D. Martinez
Neville, Fla.*

Pied-Piper President

President Reagan's popularity among college students [NATION, Oct. 8] can be credited largely to timing. He took over a demoralized U.S. and rebuilt its pride.

*Fernando E. Martinez
Baton Rouge, La.*

The enthusiastic reception at Bowling Green University for Ronald Reagan reveals an important image of today's university students: they have gone from thrusting their fists into the air to sticking their heads in the sand.

*Peter K. Cutler
New York City*

Supporting Percy

Your piece on the Illinois Senate race [NATION, Oct. 8] creates a misleading impression of Senator Charles Percy's lawmaking record. He has had many legislative achievements, among them a provision of the current Export Administration Act that would assist small businesses in becoming successful exporters. When I campaign for Chuck Percy in Peoria later this month, I will point out to voters the importance of this legislation to the Illinois economy.

*John Heinz
U.S. Senator, Pennsylvania
Chairman, Subcommittee on International
Finance and Monetary Policy
Washington, D.C.*

Following Egypt

Your article "Friends and Enemies" [WORLD, Oct. 8] says that "Mubarak's fondest hope is that other Arab countries

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will follow Hussein's lead in forgiving Egypt." The Camp David accords were a historic peace agreement for the betterment of mankind. Jordan and the other Arab nations should not "forgive" what Egypt has done. They should accept its achievements.

*Marshall Grant
Tel Aviv*

Schooling Preschoolers

I deplore the methods currently espoused by some preschool educators (EDUCATION, Oct. 8). Kindergarten should be a place for whetting the appetite to learn, not a place for homework and tests.

*Ruth Van Ness Blair
Clearwater, Fla.*

Perhaps if we were willing to allow children to be children at the appropriate time of life, we would not have so many childish adults.

*Carol M. Corbin
Freehold, N.J.*

There is nothing wrong with getting children off to a quick start by developing their thinking, organizational and creative skills. Problems arise when we demand visible, measurable signs of progress in these youngsters, who can neither read nor write. The child who marks all the pictures correctly on a work sheet shows only what he already knows, but if

he plays at building a bridge, he demonstrates that he is learning

*Sally Barrett
Tacoma, Wash.*

Your discussion of early learning aptly uses the term battleground to label the debate over appropriate kindergarten teaching. As with any fight, this one also has casualties. In this case, it is the youngster whose childhood is being invaded who is the victim.

*Judy C. Reedy
Louisville*

Manic Benefits

The latest research into manic-depressive illness (BEHAVIOR, Oct. 8) attempts to give a good name to a bad disease. Having worked as a psychiatric attendant, I know that the "creative" highs of manic-depression do not always give rise to artistic works of genius. On the contrary, many of these highs can result only in elaborate schemes that have absolutely no base in reality.

*J. Clifton Raphael
Memphis*

I am a freelance artist who has known two major manic episodes. There is a very thin line between a mild manic experience, which is beneficial, and a full-blown manic occurrence, which I know from experience is dangerous and devastating.

Let's bring manic-depressives out of the closet and onto the podium, but not put them on a pedestal.

*Joe Bailey
Orlando, Fla.*

Many of the artists identified by Psychologist Jamison as manic-depressives were also suicides, alcoholics or drug addicts. Perhaps the illness contributed to their creativity. But when left untreated, that same ailment may also have led to their destruction.

*Kathleen L. Rowe
University City, Mo.*

Fabulous 40

Your story on abortion (NATION, Sept. 24) says that medieval theologians estimated that "the soul joined the body at the 40th day of pregnancy." Forty is a magical number. The biblical Flood lasted 40 days and 40 nights, Ali Baba had 40 thieves, and Moses wandered in the wilderness for 40 days. Suleiman died standing up, leaning on his cane. Nobody realized he was dead until 40 days later, when he finally fell.

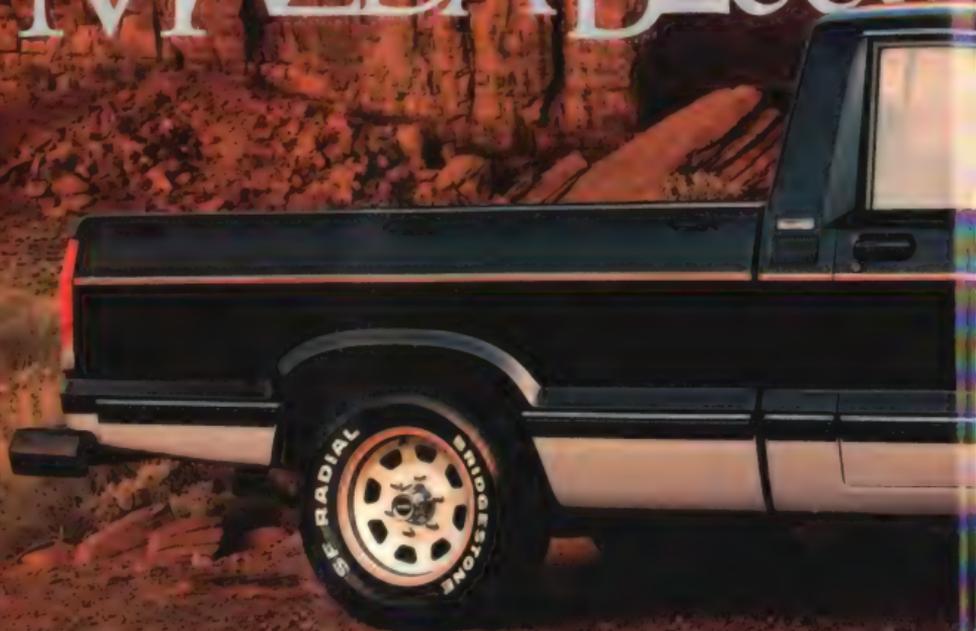
*Sun Ji Cannon
Ras Tanura, Saudi Arabia*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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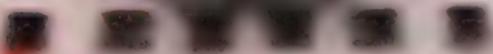
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In Florida: Have a Drink, for Heaven's Sake



Playing bartender, the Rev. James Reynolds serves up some cool ones for parishioners

Years ago, before St. Henry's Roman Catholic Church was built in Pompano Beach, they had a sort of circuit-riding parish in this part of Florida. Mass was celebrated in whatever shelter could be secured, and there was one odd period when the priest said Mass at the Pompano Park Harness Raceway. Then, ten years ago, the diocese found 4½ acres along the Cypress Creek Canal, in an area of warehouses—Waterbed City is just across the street—and a little church was constructed. It has a coral pulpit.

In 1980 the Rev. James Reynolds, a Brooklyn product of Irish parents, was given charge of the church. "I was amazed there was a church *here*," he recalls. "It seemed to me a wacky place to put one. No residential community. Surrounded by warehouses. The diocese almost apologized. It was just the only reasonable property available." He chose to look brightly upon his charge, musing that "a small church can have a lot going for it. You're closer to the altar, closer to each other and maybe closer to God." One night, however, during a social affair, when the bar was set up in the only commodious spot, right by the confessional, the priest decided they might be carrying closeness too far.

What this parish and its 950 families needed was a parish hall. With a separate facility for bingo, dances, the women's club, the men's club and other functions, the church could get rid of its collapsible chairs and pray from the proper seat of religion, pews. Providentially, in the collection plate on Reynolds' second Christmas at St. Henry's was a check for \$20,000. "I had never seen a check for \$20,000," he recalls with wonder. He wrote its author, the president of a cement company, a note

of gratitude. Four days later (the tax deduction-minded might want to consult a calendar about here, cynics that they be) another check arrived from the same cement baron, bearing the same amount. Suddenly the building fund had feet.

And the priest had a vision. "I wanted to have the lives of the families revolve around the parish, their social lives as well as their spiritual lives. For example, if a young person was presented with a red-hot temptation, I wanted him to turn to the parish and not have to ask, 'Well, what has the church ever done for me?'" Reynolds wanted a building that would be used night and day, offering something to everyone. And somewhere along the path

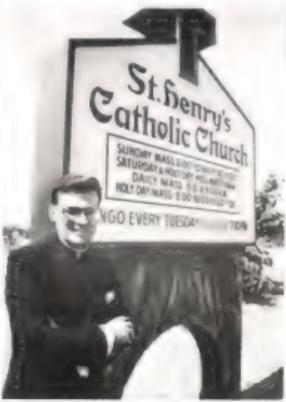
of his Irish cogitations he paused at a friendly village pub, a place that draws people away from their television sets at night and gets them talking about themselves, their politics, their religion. The new parish hall at St. Henry's Roman Catholic Church would have a very special corner then. It would be called Henry's Hideaway.

The idea was a smash hit with the parishioners, many of whom consider themselves too old to take strong drink comfortably in a public place of young guzzlers. Widows—any South Florida parish embraces a preponderant number of widows—were particularly fond of the notion. Even the Archbishop of Miami, the Most Rev. Edward McCarthy, went along. "It seems to me," he wrote Reynolds, "you are pioneering in something that may prove very effective pastorally."

A friend who was closing down a restaurant donated the formidable bar as well as all the stainless-steel hardware that goes into the mixing of liquid fortitude. Some of the parishioners argued, when it came to decorating, that pictures of parish picnics would be nice, beaming up from beneath the epoxy on the surface. "No, no, no!" cried Reynolds. "We're going professional. No Mickey Mouse. No Coney Island." He hired a decorator and paid him \$5,000. He hired a professional bartender, Bill McNichols, a man with 30 years' experience in the trade. And he applied for a liquor license, "pleasantly surprising" the state. Today the lights dance on the martini glasses.

Henry's Hideaway opened without a hitch. Parishioners paid \$5 each for membership in the private club, a card that says on the back, "Many people make Henry's Hideaway a happy place by coming. Others by leaving," and the privilege of purchasing beer or wine for \$1, mixed drinks for \$1.25. Father Jim, as Reynolds is called, anticipated the puns, so the first drinkers had to endure the priest's own pre-emptive patter: holy water on the rocks; Blue Nun; we specialize in Christian Brothers. The bar rolled merrily along until midsummer, when a sorehead entered the equation.

A letter went out to Archbishop McCarthy, quoting the Living Bible, *Proverbs 23: 29-32*: "Whose heart is filled with anguish and sorrow? Who is always fighting and quarreling? Who is the man with bloodshot eyes and many wounds? It is the one who spends long hours in the taverns, trying out new mixtures. Don't let the sparkle and the smooth taste of strong wine deceive you. For in the end it bites like a poisonous serpent; it stings like an adder." The archbishop responded evenly that Henry's was an experiment, an attempt to provide a wholesome meet-



Reynolds in more conventional garb

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American Scene

ing place outside commercial bars. Saying the arrangement involves some risk, McCarthy said he nonetheless expected "that an atmosphere will be created of adult Christian responsibility similar to that in a good Christian home."

Reynolds says the letter writer, who was not a member of the parish, threatened that the press would hear about Henry's if Henry's was not closed by July 1. The first week in July, the Miami *Herald* showed up: "Henry's Hideaway is no ordinary, run-of-the-mill bar. In addition to Scotch on the rocks or plain cranberry juice, the thirsty can get a few holy words from the proprietor." Then came the television crews. Dare not to be novel in the dog days of summer, the parishioners quickly learned, getting a little testy. By fall the thing had blown over.

The bar is open now on Saturday nights. Sports and sitcoms illuminate the color TV. Lizards skitter down the screens on the porch, and alligators slither down the canal just beyond. Now and again someone will have a go at the organ, and Father Jim will sing in his tenor, "No more will I go all around the world, / For I have found my world in you!" There are 630 members of Henry's Hideaway.

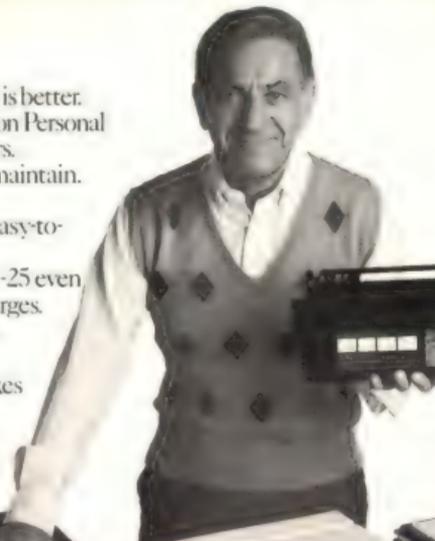
"The pastor here is a doll," said Catherine Castle, sitting at a table with Al and Viola DuPuis. "We're about to go to dinner, and this is just the nicest place to stop for a drink. The DuPuises are taking me. I'm a widow."

John Smith, former president of the J men's club, and his wife Ann looked in on the bar. "I don't drink," said Ann, "but I love it here. I have a cousin, the shyest person in the world. His mother says to him, 'You need a drink, Arthur.' One night he had one, and he was the life of the party, a darling. Some people are like that: they need a drink to be darlings." Here and there, old people were dancing in rickety pairs. A line of widows linked arms and did the "alleycat." Father Jim ordered a cranberry juice, saying he does not drink out of vanity: "Once on the lips, forever on the hips."

Bob Stroot, who is on the membership committee, volunteered that Henry's Hideaway had had to evict only one drunk in the six months it has been open. "He's probably here. I'll point him out. Well, I guess he isn't. He's usually hanging all over that gal there in the back."

The pastor wandered over in a philosophical mood. "I think God intends us to be happy in this life," he said. "We all have our share of troubles." He said that when he was growing up he was an usher at Ebbets Field, in the days of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Then he became a guide with Gray Line Tours. In 1950, he said, "I figured out maybe I could lead tours to heaven, and maybe I could sneak in a side door myself." For the moment, however, he led an elderly lady onto the parquet floor and commenced to execute a quite graceful cha cha cha. —By Gregory Jaynes

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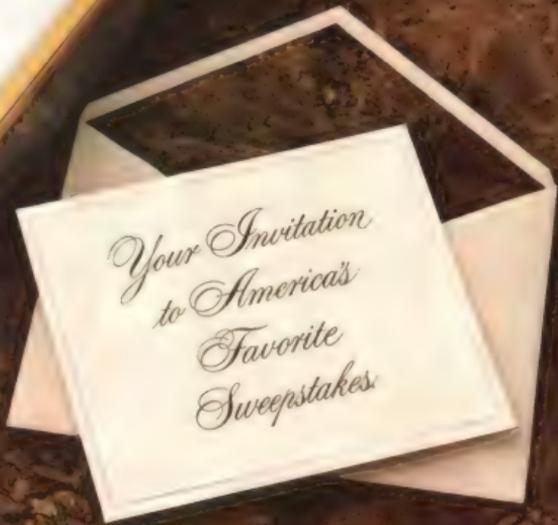
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43. 100 wks. mont. night camera



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45. 100 cases mineral water



46. 100 oz. digital stereo



47. 100 yr. old secretary



48. 100 in. Japanese screen



49. 100 chips at Monte Carlo*



50. 100 cartons 8Ball (before 100's)



51. 100 hrs. firm & underwater camera



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COVER STORIES

A Tie Goes to the Gipper

In a close debate, Mondale scores points but Reagan protects his lead



It was his last great test as a campaigner. Shaken by a stumbling performance in the first presidential debate two weeks earlier in Louisville, Ronald Reagan had to show millions of Americans watching Sunday night's face-off in Kansas City that he was in command of his office, in control of his facts and not added by age. Once again, the Gipper was up to the task.

On a stage with softer backlighting than in Louisville, Reagan looked vigorous and spoke like the Great Communicator of political legend. The nervousness of two weeks before was gone, as were the long pauses and defensive stance. He was occasionally loose and rambling on substance, but constantly cool and winning in manner. Above all, he strongly diffused the age issue that had arisen after the first debate and may have been the only obstacle to his re-election.

Indeed, Reagan turned the issue around with his oh-so-familiar grin and a sharp, well-rehearsed quip: "I am not going to exploit for political purposes my opponent's youth and inexperience." Mondale smiled back but had to have been surprised by the unexpected twist, and the audience laughed with the President.

Repeatedly, an aggressive and more crisply articulate Mondale tried to zero in on Reagan's competence and leadership ability rather than his years. The question, declared the challenger, is "Who's in charge?" Mondale accused Reagan of failing to exert control, specifically with respect to security measures in the face of terrorist threats in Beirut, a CIA handbook advising political assassinations, blackmail and kidnappings in Nicaragua, and fights within his Government about arms-control policy. Declared Mondale: "A President must not only assure that we're tough. [He] must also be wise and smart in the exercise of that power."

All such attacks seemed to roll off the President. Mondale scored many debating points after a somewhat tentative start, but his target slipped the best punches. Flashing a bit of folksy humor, sounding hurt more than angry at some of the Mondale sallies and committing no harmful gaffe, a reassuring Reagan almost surely avoided any serious slippage in the opinion polls. Technically, Mondale may have scored better through the 90 minutes—a panel of debating experts

JOHN BAKER



■ "He has a record of weakness with regard to our national defense that is second to none."

■ "I am not going to exploit for political purposes my opponent's youth and inexperience."

assembled by the Associated Press had him ahead 187 to 168, out of a maximum of 210 points, in such qualities as reasoning, evidence and organization—but his underdog status demanded a knockout, and that he did not get. A quick ABC News survey of 695 viewers (with a possible sampling error of five points either way) showed Reagan a narrow winner: 39% to 36%, with 25% seeing it as a tie. The debate had virtually no impact on candidate preference: each man gained a single point, with Reagan getting a 56 to 43 edge and 1% undecided (down from 3%).

"We won," declared Reagan Chief of Staff James Baker shortly after the debate ended. "If it is written that it was a wash, we still win. The age issue is gone. g-o-n-e!" Asked if the feeling in his camp was

better than after the Louisville clash, Baker replied happily, "You're damn right!"

The mood was nowhere near as upbeat among Mondale's aides. They rushed to the press room to tell reporters how well their man had done, but their eagerness to put the right "spin" on the coverage bespoke a lack of confidence in the outcome. Said Mondale Campaign Chairman James Johnson: "Tonight not only did he show he was strong and effective, but he showed again important Reagan weaknesses." Campaign Manager Robert Becker tried to appear exultant. "Two and 0," he declared. "There's no question about it. Mondale was sure of himself tonight and Reagan was not."

Mondale aides could take genuine pride in the Democrat's technical performance. The former Vice President once

again demonstrated his sharp debating skills and proved conclusively that he could more than hold his own with the President. Gaining confidence as the night went on, he pounded home his differences with Reagan and the President's party, and in so doing he may have lured some wavering Democrats to his side, but it seemed doubtful that he shook much of Reagan's support.

Reagan did not make his Louisville mistake of reeling off statistics to rebut each Mondale charge. When Mondale

tack, was the first to bring up his Star Wars proposal, his plan to build a shield against nuclear missiles over the U.S. (see box). Speaking in generalities, he painted a soothing portrait of all nuclear weapons being rendered useless and missiles being destroyed instead of people. Mondale agreed with the goal, but insisted that the feat could not be accomplished, would cost a trillion dollars and would require such a fast response time that the decision to launch an antimissile strike would be left to computers, which could fire in er-

ered, but was mainly a summary of much of what he has been saying in the campaign. He passingly cited a new theme—"We need to move on. It's time for America to find new leadership"—which was meant to contrast with Republican denunciations of the Carter years. Reagan tarried too long on a description of the many beauties of California's coast, while setting up his ruminations on what he had once put into a time capsule to be opened in 100 years. Here he committed one of his few verbal slips, citing "the policies of weakness of the last four years," when he meant the Carter-Mondale term. Then he ran out of time, just as he was warming to an inspirational peroration. Reagan smiled good-naturedly when Moderator Edwin Newman chopped him off with half a minute of the conclusion he had prepared still to go. Rarely has a President been so abruptly interrupted, but those were the rules of the debate.

When the real action began inside the hall, before an audience of 2,500, questions of defense, arms control and dealing with the Soviets dominated the debate. The candidates returned to them repeatedly, even when replying to questions about other subjects. Reagan was at his reassuring best when asked by NBC Diplomatic Correspondent Marvin Kalb how he reconciled his recent conciliatory line toward the Soviets with his previous "evil empire" comments. The President replied that he took back nothing he had said, but recognized, and had told the Soviets, that "we have to live with each other... between us we can either destroy the world or we can save it." His earlier "realistic talk," he said, had been necessary because he followed an Administration that had pursued "the policy of unilateral disarmament," and it was necessary to let the Soviets know the line was changing. "We did get their attention," he concluded.

Mondale, Reagan said, had a "record of weakness with regard to our national defense that is second to none." Noting that the Democratic candidate has aired a campaign TV spot showing him standing on the deck of the aircraft carrier *Nimitz*, the President asserted that if Mondale "had had his way... he would have been deep in the water" because the *Nimitz* would never have been built.

Mondale's tart reply, addressed directly to Reagan, was: "Your definition of national strength is to throw money at the Defense Department. My definition... is to make certain that a dollar spent buys a dollar's worth of defense." While repeating his opposition to the MX missile ("a sitting duck") and the B-1 bomber (flying it, he said, would be "a suicide mission"), Mondale rattled off a long list of weapons systems he did favor. Money saved on the MX and B-1, he contended, could be spent for other military purposes, like strengthening conventional forces in Europe. Said Mondale: "I accept your commitment to peace, but I want you to accept my commitment to a strong national defense."

On arms control, Mondale repeatedly



■ "Your definition of national strength is to throw money at the Defense Department."

■ "A President must not only assure that we're tough. [He] must also be wise and smart..."

strayed somewhat off the subject on an immigration question to remind viewers of the huge budget deficits under Reagan, the President snapped to attention with a smile. "I've heard the national debt blamed for a lot of things," he said, "but not for illegal immigration." And he tossed off one stinging statistic: the 21.5% prime interest rate in the U.S. under the Carter Administration. Both contenders may well have been handicapped by having to deal with some unusually windy and tortuous questions, especially from two of the panelists, Georgie Anne Geyer, a syndicated columnist, and Henry Trewhitt, diplomatic correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*.

One topic demonstrated the differing approaches in debating style of the two contenders. Reagan, anticipating the at-

ror Reagan shrugged off such details, arguing that it was up to scientists to determine how the system would work and how it would be deployed. Snapped Mondale: "Well that's what a President is supposed to know."

Mondale almost outdid Reagan in declaring his distaste for the Soviet Union as "tough and ruthless." To Reagan's proposal that the U.S. should give the Soviets a chance to share American technology on a Star Wars defense, thus lessening the possibility that a U.S. deployment of the system might tempt a pre-emptive strike by the Kremlin, Mondale retorted that this would be folly.

The closing statements, which had been touted by both camps as perhaps critical to the debate, proved to be disappointments. Mondale's was ably deliv-



Arriving by helicopter to try out his lines on high school students near Chicago
Reagan grappled with his briefing book, then with Mondale stand-in David Stockman.

questioned Reagan's competence to deal with the subject. He cited the book *Deadly Gambits* by TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott to indicate gaps in the President's knowledge. Reagan's "failure to master . . . the essential elements of arms control," said Mondale, had "cost us dearly." As an example, Mondale accused Reagan several times of saying that nuclear missiles launched by submarines can be recalled, which in fact they cannot. The President replied that the accusation was "ridiculous"; he had said the submarines themselves could be recalled.

On that point, the facts are not with Reagan. His exact quote, from a press conference on May 13, 1982, referred to missiles carried by submarines and bombers as follows: "You are dealing there with a conventional type of weapon or instrument, and those instruments can be intercepted. They can be recalled if there has been a miscalculation."

Mondale had some difficulty defending his own proposal for a nuclear freeze. He stressed over and over again that he would negotiate no agreement that could not be verified, but failed to explain how a compliance with a freeze could be assured. Reagan, attempting to defend himself against the Democrat's complaints that he had not only failed to negotiate any arms-control agreements but had not even met with a top leader of the U.S.S.R. until his session with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in September, said that it was the Soviets who had walked out of nuclear-weapons talks in Geneva.

Mondale also sharply questioned Reagan's competence in dealing with Lebanon. The Democrat said the President had sent Marines there on an ill-defined mission against the advice of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff and left them exposed to terrorist attack. They had "to

leave in humiliation," said Mondale, and the Soviet position in the Middle East was strengthened because of the withdrawal. He also assailed the lack of security evident in the bombing of the American embassy in Beirut last month.

In one of several examples of argumentative questioning from the panel of journalists, Morton Kondracke, executive editor of the *New Republic*, asked Reagan if he had not displayed the same weakness he accused Jimmy Carter of showing in the Iran hostage situation by not retaliating against the terrorist attacks. Reagan said the Marines had been sent to Lebanon at the request of that country's government as "a stabilizing force" and had been succeeding in that mission when the terrorist attacks began. He had "no apologies" for their mission, the President said. In one of his more effective presentations of the evening, Reagan underscored his



Debate Coach Darman in Illinois

humane intentions by insisting that the U.S. would retaliate against terrorist attacks only "if we can put our finger on" the groups specifically responsible. Said the President: "We are not going to simply kill some people to say, 'oh look, we got even.'" Mondale in turn quoted Groucho Marx as once asking, "Who do you believe, me or your own eyes?" What the American public could see with its own eyes in Lebanon, he said, was failure.

Neither candidate dealt especially well with questions about Central America. Reagan was defensive and unsure in discussing a CIA manual that gave U.S.-supported *contra* guerrillas battling the Sandinista government of Nicaragua advice on how to assassinate Sandinista officials. The President said the manual had been written by "a gentlemen down in Nicaragua [he meant in Central America] who is on contract" to the CIA, and the CIA both in Central America and Washington had excised several pages. "Some way or other," however, the offending pages had stayed in copies of the manual distributed to the *contras*. Reagan strongly denied that the U.S. did or ever would support assassination as a political policy. Mondale called the manual "a classic example of a strategy that's embarrassed us and strengthened our opposition" and said that "a President must know these things. How can this happen . . . and the President say he didn't know?"

While Mondale may have got the better of that exchange, he had some trouble explaining his own policy toward Central America. Asked to define his suggestion for a "quarantine" of Nicaragua, he replied that Nicaragua would have to stay within its own borders, but did not explain how he proposed to have the U.S. stop it if it did not. For Central America generally, he advocated a three-pronged policy of economic aid, military assistance to forces friendly to the U.S. and "a diplomatic effort" to "pursue opportunities for peace" with America's foes. Reagan's reply: "The plan Mr. Mondale outlined is the one we're following."

A discussion on human rights was also inconclusive, partly because the journalists' questions allowed the candidates to get away with talking about different countries. "Perhaps in no area do we disagree more," said Mondale. He accused the Reagan Administration of "cozying up to Argentine dictators" (since deposed) and of undue friendliness to the *apartheid* regime in South Africa. Reagan, in effect, said that there were worse things than the survival of rulers who might not respect human rights as much as Americans would like. In Iran, Reagan said, the fall of the Shah, which happened while the Carter Administration was in power, had been followed by the rule of a "maniacal fanatic," obviously meaning the Ayatollah Khomeini. In the Philippines now, Reagan continued, the regime of Ferdinand Marcos might not "look good to us from the standpoint right now of democratic rights," but the alternative to Marcos might be the seizure of power by a

Communist movement and that would hardly be any gain for democracy.

The most unsatisfactory discussion of all was about immigration. Mondale repeated his opposition to the Simpson-Mazuzi bill, which died in the last Congress. It would have imposed penalties on employers who knowingly hire illegal immigrants, many of whom come from Mexico. Mondale protested that this could have led to discrimination in hiring against all Hispanics, indeed against all foreigners. It was at this point that he worked in a strained attack on the U.S. budget deficit, claiming that the deficits raised interest rates, which created trouble for poor countries in repaying international debts and intensified the poverty that causes many of their citizens to flee to the U.S. Reagan jocularly replied that blaming illegal immigration on American budget deficits was pretty farfetched. But he made a questionable assertion of his own in claiming that the problem of population growth in the world was "vastly exaggerated."

The debate, in some respects, was as notable for what was not said as for what was. There was not a word about Grenada, invaded by American forces almost precisely a year earlier. And the only mention of the Middle East, apart from Lebanon, came when Reagan included it with Central America and "the Pacific Basin" in a list of areas of vital concern to the U.S. One reason, no doubt, is that the candidates do not have time to reel off all the answers they have rehearsed to the questions that no one asks; they concentrate on making what they regard as their most essential points.

As they prepared for Sunday night's shootout, each side had been totally aware that it was High Noon of the presidential campaign. "This debate is the election," declared a Reagan adviser. Another decisive Mondale victory, predicted one of the Democrat's aides, would produce "a firestorm of excitement that takes on a life of its own." Psychologically, however, each camp faced a different task in grooming its man for the test.

Ironically, those coaching Reagan had a more delicate and complex problem. The most masterly manipulator of TV in presidential history had been wounded on the tube in Louisville. Aides knew that he, just as much as they, wanted to restore his lost luster. "This is the last time he ever has to put this kind of pressure on himself as long as he lives," said one. But they wondered if his self-confidence had been shaken. Thus, as Reagan rehearsed answers, his handlers were quick to praise his replies. Conceded one: "There's been a lot of cheerleading, trying to boost him up." As Reagan demonstrated Sunday night, the cheerleading achieved its purpose.

Mondale, on the other hand, had craved doubts that he belonged on the same stage with Reagan by performing so adroitly in their first encounter. His confidence had soared, and now his advisers



Touring a radioactive-waste dump near Weldon Spring Heights, Mo., with his daughter Eleanor Mondale sparred with Michael Sovern, east as Reagan, then watched the videotapes.

had the chore of devising a strategy that would build on his earlier success. They felt that he could be tougher on Reagan in the foreign policy debate, where the Democrats claimed to have a stronger case. They urged Mondale to be a prosecutor, applying constant pressure.

The mechanics of the preparations did not differ greatly from those before the first debate. Each candidate spent part of the week trying out his best lines on campaign audiences and sharpening his summaries of complex foreign policy questions. Reagan fielded some generally soft questions from high school and college students on a two-day foray into the South and Midwest, and his answers grew tighter and more effective as the trip progressed. Mondale had been working with three foreign policy experts, and they accompanied him on a Western swing on Monday, grilling him with possible debate

questions during a three-hour flight between St. Louis and San Francisco. The trio of wise men were two former Carter Administration officials—David Aaron, a deputy to National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Walter Slocombe, a one-time Defense Department official—and Barry Carter, who was an aide to Henry Kissinger on President Nixon's National Security Council.

Both candidates spent long hours grappling with their briefing books. Reagan's included several pages of what his staff calls "zingers," sharp one-line digs at Mondale arranged by subject matter, and "winners," similar capsule comments meant to highlight his own strengths. The bulk of the 30-page book addressed a dozen probable questions, with detailed answers. (The President's briefing book for the first debate had anticipated every question except one on abortion.) Two separate pages were devoted to Reagan's closing statement. He had largely ignored that script at Louisville in a self-defeating desire to rebut Mondale's arguments with a jumble of statistics, and this time again ignored part of what was suggested.

The Mondale book was a black loose-leaf binder bulging with explications of some 20 topics, complete with sample questions and proposed answers. The Democratic camp expected almost all of Sunday night's questions to fall into four broad categories: arms control, Star Wars, management of the Defense Department, and world hot spots, especially Central America and the Middle East. During rehearsals, Mondale was more concerned about his delivery than about mastering the facts.

The atmosphere in the two camps was markedly different. Once again, Reagan was tested by David Stockman, the Office of Management and Budget Director,



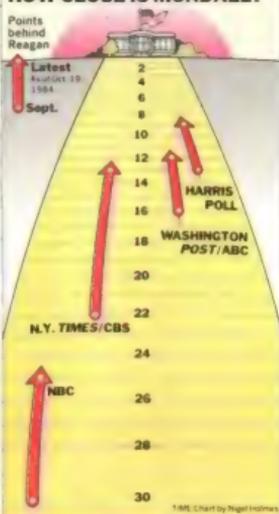
Adviser Aaron with loose-leaf crammer

who played Mondale with a keen oratorical resemblance to the real foe. Before the last debate, Stockman had adopted two roles, one feisty Fritz, the other calm and mild. This time Stockman synthesized the two types on what turned out to be the correct assumption that Mondale would again be firm but low key.

At these sessions in an auditorium in the old Executive Office Building, Reagan Aide Richard Darman played the role of moderator. They worried about Reagan's evident desire to answer every assault on his record; his meandering, overly detailed responses had cost him points two weeks earlier in Louisville. Apart from the rehearsals, the President held briefing sessions with such advisers as Secretary of State George Shultz, National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane, Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, longtime Reagan Adviser Stuart Spencer and White House Aides Baker and Michael Deaver.

In the Mondale camp, the rehearsals were much less like a debate. Looking relaxed in blue jeans and a pale blue shirt, the Democrat stood behind a podium in the dining room of his Washington home. Michael Sovern, president of Columbia University and one of Mondale's former law professors at the University of Minnesota, usually played the President. At other times Aaron or Senior Adviser Richard Leone was the Reagan stand-in. Mondale would repeat some answers four times, refining his phrasing and gestures. The sessions were filmed and then critiqued. Said one Mondale adviser: "It's like a graduate

HOW CLOSE IS MONDALE?



seminar being videotaped."

The Reagan strategists did not try to conceal their concern that one issue might yet wipe out the President's comfortable lead in the polls, which last week ranged from nine points (Harris) to 25 points (NBC). "The age thing is what we're most scared of," admitted an aide. "That's

what he has to put to rest on Sunday night." Another top adviser was confident that Reagan would easily pass that test, joking, "If he doesn't drool or shake, he'll be all right."

Pollster Louis Harris found that many voters had accepted the White House explanation that the President had merely suffered an off night in Louisville. Despite an overwhelming verdict (61% to 19%) that Mondale had won the first debate, Harris reported, fully 46% expected Reagan to dominate the second encounter; only 33% anticipated another Mondale triumph.

As it turned out, supporters of each candidate could claim with some justification that their man had met their expectations in Kansas City. But for Mondale, meeting the expectations of his own camp simply was not enough. He needed to tap into Reagan's vast reservoir of trust and affection. With his nimbleness and good humor, Reagan had the dikes firmly plugged. Against the advice of some of his aides, he had taken up his opponent's challenge to debate and had survived the risks of going at it man to man in front of millions of Americans with no prepared text. Now he could look forward to winding up the campaign with a series of stage-managed rallies, snappy one-liners and those flag-bedecked settings that come off so well on TV newscasts. Nov. 6 was only two weeks away, and the Gipper could look forward to a rousing fortnight with his favorite audience, the American electorate.

—By Ed Magnuson and George J. Church. Reported by Robert Ajemian, Sam Ellis and Douglas Brew/Kansas City

Star Wars: Pro and Con

The seed for Sunday night's clash over space weapons was planted almost casually in March 1983. Partly as a way of selling his proposed \$2 trillion, five-year military buildup, President Reagan called on U.S. scientists to "give us the means of rendering these nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete." This would be done by erecting, in effect, an impregnable missileproof bubble over America. Enemy ICBMs would be zapped by a wizardly array of defensive weapons well before they entered U.S. skies. The idea quickly became known as Reagan's Star Wars plan.

To many Americans, the notion of a space-based strategic defense had an appealing logic. For decades, each of the two superpowers had relied on the threat of massive retaliation to discourage nuclear attack. Proponents of Reagan's plan argued that a true defense was more plausible and moral.

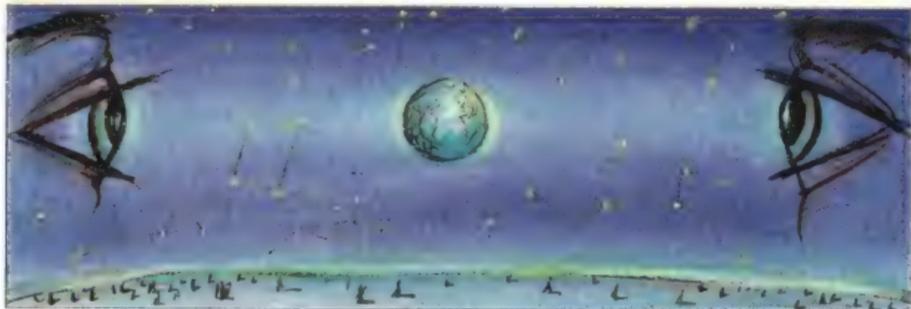
Buoyed by Reagan's support, Pentagon planners rushed to strengthen a small exploratory research program. Congress, prodded by eager defense contractors and military-minded scientists, voted to spend nearly \$1 billion on research and development last year and \$1.4 billion in the current fiscal year. The Defense Department indicated that deployment alone could cost upwards of \$400 billion and estimated that it might take 30 years to complete such a system.

Numerous critics, including many scientists, arms-control experts and even some military officers argue that: 1) There is no technology in sight that would ensure a leakproof system, and any holes at all would permit an enemy to wreak

massive destruction on the U.S.; 2) Any serious attempt to erect such a defense would inevitably destabilize the roughly balanced nuclear equation, since the other side would counter with its own defensive system and enlarge its offensive forces to overcome the opponent's umbrella. Furthermore, deployment and even certain types of tests would violate the main arms-control treaty that is now in force: the SALT I antiballistic-missile agreement of 1972. America's European allies understandably fear that the U.S. might take refuge behind its defensive nuclear shield and no longer provide a credible deterrent against Soviet nuclear attack or blackmail.

During the debate, as he has in the past, Reagan proposed "sharing" defensive technology with the Soviets. The idea is that if only one side has the ability to build such a system, the other might feel pressure to launch a surprise attack before it was fully deployed. In addition, a defensive system would increase a country's offensive capability by allowing it to launch a strike with less fear of retaliation. Mondale emphasized the objection that sharing the knowledge involved in an antimissile defense and providing a "demonstration" of whatever system the U.S. develops would necessarily compromise America's clear superiority in scientific knowledge about computer systems, laser technology and other fields, which the Soviets would find extremely useful in building more threatening offensive weapons.

Perhaps the best argument for moving tentatively forward with Star Wars is that any such new weapons systems constitute bargaining chips when dealing with the Soviets. The best argument against: they could never be as effective as they would have to be—in this case 100%.



A Partisan Gloss on the Globe

The two candidates evade more issues than they elucidate



Something that Winston Churchill once said of democracy applies to that curious instrument of democracy, the presidential campaign debate: "In this world of sin and woe," it is the worst of all possible systems, except for any alternative that has yet been tried. Sunday night Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale provided occasional valuable indications about how they would handle the vital foreign policy and defense issues that the nation will face in the next four years, but they did so only sporadically and, it sometimes seemed, unintentionally. The debate, like the entire campaign, encouraged generalizations, evasions, safe (as opposed to responsive) answers, rote excerpts from stump speeches and, too often, cheap shots. The candidates concentrated on scoring points off each other, where possible aiming backward, at the past.

This is understandable enough. If Reagan had replied fully to a panelist's invitation to specify those hypothetical crises where the U.S. would be justified in intervening with force, he might have duplicated what some view as Dean Acheson's classic omission in 1950 of defining the U.S. "defensive perimeter" in Asia in a way that appeared to exclude South Korea, thus seeming to give a green light to the North Korean invasion of that country.

When Reagan did look ahead, he got in trouble. He almost certainly surprised, and probably dismayed, the State Department and his ambassador in the Philippines when he suggested he would continue to support Ferdinand Marcos because the opposition to him is a "large Communist movement." In fact, the anti-Marcos opposition includes many certifiably democratic elements, who will be outraged by the President's remark.

Similarly, it was easier for Mondale to harp on the controversy over the CIA manual on political assassination in Nicaragua than to specify exactly how, where

and when covert action is a legitimate instrument of American policy. Mondale also tried to harass Reagan on the issue of responsibility for the bombings in Lebanon rather than tackle the broader, more difficult and more important question in the Middle East: not how to protect embassies from terrorists, but how to advance the Arab-Israeli peace process.

That issue actually offers an opportunity for bipartisanship in U.S. foreign policy—and for a salutary point of agreement between the presidential candidates. On Sept. 1, 1982, Reagan called for self-government by the Palestinians in association with Jordan and a freeze on Israeli settlements on the West Bank. The Reagan proposal was a consistent, intelligent next step in the Camp David accords initiated by Mondale's former boss, Jimmy Carter. But Reagan never followed through on the plan, partly because the U.S. became sidetracked in Lebanon. And on the eve of an American election, neither the incumbent nor his challenger wants to risk votes with any talk that sounds even euphemistically like "pressure on Israel." The fact that they avoided the central issue of the Middle East is a reminder of how that critical area of American foreign policy is an almost permanent victim of U.S. domestic politics.

The debate dramatized the evolution of a new Reagan in foreign policy. It was sometimes hard to remember that this was the same man who came into office saying that the past 20 years of American foreign policy had been fundamentally flawed, who characterized the Soviets as international outlaws with whom civilized nations could not do business and who vowed to re-establish American superiority over the U.S.S.R. The Reagan of Sunday night explicitly disavowed the quest for superiority and talked much more like a traditionalist who believed in building on the foundations laid by Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford and, yes, Jimmy Carter.

Reagan has recently told a number of close acquaintances in private that he honestly believes that thanks to his rearmament policies in the first term, the U.S. is now strong enough to give higher priority to negotiation; he would like to leave a legacy of statesmanship. The big question is not so much what Reagan wants in a second term but whether he knows how to get it. His aides have been, and remain, sharply divided, from the Cabinet-level disagreements of Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Secretary of State George Shultz down to the trenches of the bureaucracy.

One extremely contentious issue concerns Star Wars, the President's grandiose scheme for erecting a comprehensive defensive umbrella over the U.S. The twin dangers in the plan, as Mondale pointed out, are a) that it won't work and b) that it will provoke Soviet countermeasures, both in offensive and defensive weaponry, and thus a double helix in the arms race. On what could become the single most important and controversial national-security issue of the next year and even the next decade, Reagan provided, in one throwaway line Sunday night, a disturbing hint of his inclinations: he said that he wanted to develop a space-based missile killer in order to prove to the Soviets the U.S. had such a thing. Then, said the President, "We'll give 'em a demonstration."

Experts in Reagan's own State Department are concerned that long before the U.S. reaches the point of being able to demonstrate such a system, it would have violated or abrogated a number of existing arms-control treaties and provoked the Soviets into an all-out campaign to increase their own weaponry, offensive and defensive alike. Yet the Star Wars enthusiasts in the Administration, who are concentrated at the Pentagon and among the powerful group of military men on the National Security Council staff, are already maneuvering to bring about a presidential commitment within weeks after the election to prepare for a space-weapon demonstration in a second term. Whether he knew it or not, Reagan seemed to be siding with them in the intramural struggle going on within his own Administration.

—By Strobe Talbot

Points for Style and Substance

A panel of experts weighs the debate and its aftermath



To analyze and weigh the performances of the candidates and the impact of Sunday night's debate on the election, TIME called on half a dozen experts from Government, politics and academe. Their

comments and conclusions:

HENRY KISSINGER, Secretary of State under Presidents Nixon and Ford:

I hope this is the last foreign policy debate of this kind, because it is bound to confuse the American people. I think the President succeeded in conveying the sense of his instincts. I think Mondale's basic message was fairly confused. He wanted to make it clear that he was tough, but he also wanted to appeal to his liberal constituency. What we had from the Mondale side was a lot of facts, a lot of statements that were, internally, madly contradictory. He would not give away the technology of the space defense system, but he wouldn't build it. The MX will draw fire, but why not the Minuteman? To call the arms race madness implies that it was largely in our control to end it.

I think the combination of the format and the stakes made the candidates feel that they must make very simple points on very complicated issues. The real issue here is a philosophical one, and the President summed it up in a phrase, "Should we conduct policy from weakness?" That's too simple a way of putting it, but that is the essential point—whether one can negotiate better by making a series of unilateral moves, like giving up the MX, B-1, Strategic Defense Initiative [Star Wars], or whether one can negotiate better by continuing whatever programs are considered in the national interest until there is some equitable settlement.

There was an element of condescension in Mondale's stressing just a little too much the implication that the President was not in command of the material and was not sharp enough. I think he overdid that, and I think he was wrong. I think that out of this debate Reagan emerges looking somewhat more presidential, and Mondale looks like somebody who has learned a number of speeches, which were presented with reasonable eloquence but which really didn't hang together. Mondale tried to get both to the left and the right of President Reagan and thus provided no reason to change Presidents.

JOHN P. SEARS, Washington lawyer and campaign manager for Ronald Reagan in 1976:

On foreign policy, the question in the mind of the voter is: Who should lead us? Reagan reinstated himself tonight as that leader. The challenger must present a

compelling reason to throw the leader out. Mondale did not do that. He just did not look like the kind of guy you want to send out there in the foreign policy field for us. Presidents have a natural advantage in this type of forum, and Reagan made enough use of that fact to help himself.

People feel they aren't really qualified to judge the technicalities of arms control or foreign policy, so even if they think Mondale does right, they tend to stay with the man who is in there figuring things out and doing his best day by day. Expectations for Reagan were lower this



Henry Kissinger

John P. Sears



James David Barber

Hamilton Jordan

time, and he benefited from that, as from the fact—which he pointed out—that the country is at peace. At the end, he did not have a concise four-minute speech, but at least there was no bumbling as there was last time. In sum, there was no knockout.

RICHARD M. SCAMMON, political analyst, director of the Elections Research Center and editor of America Votes:

I think they both looked pretty good, and in a sense that is bad for Mondale. Mondale appeared to be his same competent self, but the President looked on his form. If the Democrats counted on this becoming a knockout blow to slap Reagan down to even money, I'm sure that didn't happen. After what was first perceived to be a drop in the polls for Reagan, he's almost bounced all the way back. Since the first debate had in the long run only a limited effect, my guess is that the second one will have less. In the first debate the President had the image of faltering, and image is

what counts in these things. By this time everyone knows the candidates' positions, and the candidates have a standard response for every charge. There isn't that kind of golden kazoo or gimmick that is going to solve your problems. Who won the debate isn't what's important. And it wouldn't be as easy to make that judgment this time. The real question is what will be the views of the electorate in two weeks' time? I would be surprised if by then you saw this campaign narrowing to the point where it became a horse race.

JAMES DAVID BARBER, professor of political science, Duke University:

Most startling were the candidates' very different views about what has been happening around the world: it's a question of major assumptions of reality and different conceptions of the presidency. It's incredible that two candidates can assert such marked differences on questions of historical fact. It's as if one were from Venus and one were from Mars. On Lebanon, Mondale's version was that the causes were mistaken U.S. policy, the procedures amounted to presidential bungling, and the effect was to embolden the terrorists. Reagan answered that the causes were mainly Lebanese, there was no lapse in procedures, and the effect has been to heighten security. Arms control, or lack thereof, the Administration attributed to Soviet intransigence and to lack of American strength. Mondale attributed it to the present Administration's lack of interest in pursuing it. Mondale advanced the view that the President ought to know the appropriate information about the major crises, like Lebanon, and that in addition he ought to be on top of chronic issues like arms control. Reagan, by contrast, seemed to advance the view of the President as ultimately responsible in an overall way for policy but not much in the way of details.

HAMILTON JORDAN, White House Chief of Staff under President Carter:

Reagan improved significantly on his poor performance in the first debate, and although Mondale was good, he was not as sharp as he was in the first debate. Mondale finished strong but he did not start strong. I thought Reagan's performance was balanced all the way through. I would give the debate to Mondale on points, but I'm biased. It certainly was not a decisive win for either person. I doubt that the second debate will move a lot of voters. And probably the partisans of both Reagan and Mondale will be satisfied with their performances. I don't think the partisans of either could give either candidate the kind of edge Mondale gained in the first debate. I doubt that this debate will be a significant factor on the dynamics of the campaign in the next weeks. As you look at the lead that Reagan has, you could certainly say that Mondale did not get as much out of this debate politically as he needed. I hope I'm wrong. ■

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Debating the Debates

Does the present format produce insights or distortions?



Proposition: Debates between presidential candidates are a useful and informative feature of campaigns and should be a quadrennial fixture of American politics.

Affirmative case: The debates attract an enormous TV audience, thus stimulating a healthy interest in public affairs. They give voters their only chance to see the candidates side by side and compare them; they offer candidates their sole opportunity to make a sustained pitch to voters committed or leaning to the other side, who would ordinarily shun their rallies and ignore their TV spots.

Negative case: The debates are not really debates at all, but joint press conferences in which the candidates spout the same canned speeches that they give on the stump. They put a premium on glibness and showmanship, and greatly penalize a candidate for verbal slips or unpolished gestures, neither of which has much relevance to governing. They prevent rather than promote any real discussion of complex issues, allowing candidates to get away with simplistic and/or distorted presentations that cannot be refuted effectively in the time allowed.

Affirmative rebuttal: The alternative is a series of campaigns consisting of ever more tightly controlled photo opportunities and slickly packaged TV spots. Debates offer an imperfect but valuable chance for a mass audience to try to distinguish image from reality.

That is a condensed summary of a debate about debates—or "metadebate" in the parlance of some experts—that has engaged politicians, journalists and voters. The Reagan-Mondale debates that concluded Sunday night gave fresh ammunition to each side. The mere fact that they were held makes it more likely that debates will crop up again as an issue in 1988, 1992 and subsequent campaigns.

Televised debates began only in 1960, when John Kennedy and Richard Nixon squared off, and then there were no more in a presidential race for 16 years. But the current campaign is the third in a row in which the contenders have confronted each other on-camera, and in a sped-up age, three repetitions acquire the force of tradition. Ronald Reagan strengthened that tradition by breaking the informal

taboo against an incumbent President's agreeing to debate when he enjoys a long lead. Reagan thus set a precedent that future incumbents may defy only at the peril of being judged "chicken."⁶

But, for all that, *should* debates be the pivotal features of presidential campaigns? On that question, there is no agreement at all. The cases for and against debates begin with recognition of a simple fact: they are among the most popular programs television has ever put

⁶ Landslide Winners Lyndon Johnson in 1964 and Nixon in 1972 did not debate their rivals. Incumbent Gerald Ford in 1976 and Jimmy Carter in 1980 agreed to participate only because their campaigns were in serious trouble, and ended up losing the elections.



Round 1: Vice President Nixon vs. Senator Kennedy, 1960



Round 2: Ex-Governor Carter vs. President Ford, 1976



Round 3: President Carter vs. Ex-Governor Reagan, 1980

on. An average of 77 million people watched some portion of the four Kennedy-Nixon debates; the three Carter-Ford match-ups drew an average audience of 85 million. In 1980, 120 million took in at least part of the single Reagan-Carter debate. Preliminary estimates of the number who tuned in to the first Reagan-Mondale face-off are considerably lower, ranging from 70 million to 80 million, but even that represents a vastly greater audience than either candidate could reach in any other way. Moreover, these are mixed audiences that include, besides supporters of one candidate who ordinarily would not listen to the other, undecided voters and, no doubt, many people who usually pay little attention to politics but are drawn by the drama of confrontation.

The size of the audience, say critics, is just the trouble: the enormous stakes make the debates highly artificial events bearing little if any resemblance to a genuine debate. Candidates who dare not

take the risk of quizzing each other insist on a panel of journalists to pose the questions, which they usually answer with rehearsed minispeeches that may have little relation to what was asked. The discussion of issues gets squashed into two-minute spiels and one-minute rebuttals that are wildly oversimplified at best and all too often downright misleading. In past campaigns, charges New York Times Columnist Tom Wicker, "nothing... has spread more misinformation, more false claims and more just outright mischaracterizations of things than those debates have."

Worst of all, debate critics assert, the match-ups have turned into a game of gaffe exploitation. "Modern debates are the political version of the Indianapolis Speedway," charges Political Scientist Nelson Polsby of the University of California, Berkeley. "What we're all there for—the journalists, the political pundits, the public—is to see somebody crack up in flames." Trivial mistakes get blown out of all proportion. Harking back to some celebrated ones from past debates, Kansas Senator Robert Dole, the admitted loser of a TV match against Walter Mondale in 1976 when they were opposing candidates for Vice President, offers a caustic list of no-nos for debaters: "Don't quote your kids. They may be more informed... Don't perspire. You might not believe it, but millions of people will be watching your upper lip."

Debate supporters generally reply in effect: If you think debates are bad, just try imagining what electronic-era campaigns would be like without them. "Most Americans," says Harvard Poli-

The Big Fight Syndrome

cal Scientist Gary Orren, "would get their political information from two sources: either from the Pepsi-Cola-like ads that the candidates put out—and boy, they're getting good at it!—or through little snippets that are no longer than 1 min. 20 sec. on the nightly TV news." For all their artificiality, the debates offer voters a rare chance to see the candidates in a situation they do not totally control, and to gauge how they react to pressure and deal with the unexpected.

Austin Ranney, editor of a study of debates for the American Enterprise Institute, believes that these factors are important issues. His view: "We don't say, 'I believe in these 20 things and Reagan believes in 17 of them and Mondale in 14, so Reagan wins 17-14.' We're trying to determine what kind of people they are as human beings, how they will respond in times of crisis." Debates in their present format, he concedes, are "by no means ideal" for facilitating that judgment, but "what other chance do we have to compare them side by side?"

It is somewhat surprising that the most vehement critics of debates frequently agree that at least some of their defects might be remedied by staging more of them, perhaps four per campaign. That would lessen the crisis atmosphere, reduce the importance of a single miscue or devastating punch line ("There you go again") and—who knows?—perhaps even permit some real exploration of issues. Many experts also argue for changes in format. The leading suggestion is to have candidates question each other, with a moderator to enforce some rules. That would cut down on evasions, enable misstatements to be challenged immediately and give voters a better idea of how each candidate handles opposition. But the idea has drawbacks too. The debate might degenerate into an exchange of accusations, or the candidates might tacitly agree to shy away from an issue neither wants to discuss—abortion, for example.

Polsby suggests a different idea: "Extended conversations" during which each candidate would be quizzed separately for an hour at a time by four questioners, two chosen by himself and two selected by his opponent. That would permit deeper explorations of issues, but lack the pressure of a face-to-face test.

Perhaps the best approach would build on a suggestion from Ranney: A series of four debates with a different format for each, testing the candidates in a variety of settings. One might be a variation of an old-fashioned debate with stated topic, statements and rebuttals, and the candidates questioning each other; another could be a debate along present lines; the third and fourth might be modeled on Polsby's extended conversations. In some form, debates probably will and certainly should continue; the task is to prevent them from freezing into a mold that satisfies no one except the winner.

—By George J. Church,

Reported by Barry Kalb/New York and John E. Yang/Washington

We are creating a political demolition derby, not a presidential debate. Those strange impulses in the American soul that have produced mud wrestling and *The Gong Show* seem to have claimed the national campaign.

The confrontations of the presidential contenders on television are designed more for harsh human drama than enlightenment. Bored with endless months of caravan politics, the opposing camps whip up national interest in the same way that boxing promoters try to build a big gate. There is talk of keeping the pressure on, of pounding away at this issue or that, of drawing blood, even of scoring a knockout. In the debate itself, the candidates try to look and talk tough. Chest heaving and frowning become measures of character. Entrapment, humiliation, accusation and scorn rise above sympathy and understanding. The debates and

their breathless aftermaths demand a winner. If there is none on first viewing, one will be created. One contender is expected to exult and preen, the other to scowl and slink out of town, like Floyd Patterson after his K.O. by Sonny Liston in Chicago. It is the heavyweight championship of politics, and in the ensuing days the air waves are filled with videotape highlights. It is a lousy way to choose a President, and has been since the first modern confrontation back in 1960 between Richard Nixon and John Kennedy.

Consider the irony today. Walter Mondale spent the first weeks of his fall campaign ridiculing Ronald Reagan as a Hollywood President—hollow fellow prancing around on a stage mouthing lines written by others and with only a vague idea of what was going on in the alley behind the theater. When television brought the two together, Mondale unabashedly climbed right up on the stage, put on makeup and devoted his energies to modulating his voice, making eye contact with the camera and using the right body language. His principal purpose was not to explain himself but to confuse, anger and outscore his opponent. Show biz and boxing had claimed one more presidential hopeful.

Fortunately, doubts are growing about these dubious events. This skepticism could conceivably lead to reform and perhaps even produce true debate. Up until now it has been an article of faith promoted by the television impresarios that the electoral tides began to ebb for Nixon, Ford and Carter when they faltered in the studios before the huge television audiences. There are poll data to support this contention. More subtle analysis these days suggests, however, that other forces were at work that would have surfaced with or without the great electronic spectacles. There was an unease over Nixon, and affection for Kennedy was on the rise. Ford was saddled with the collapse of Viet Nam and Nixon's pardon, a burden now viewed as too much for any Republican just then. For months Carter had been his own worst enemy and hardly needed Reagan on the stage to remind Americans why they were disillusioned.

The other disturbing dimension of these television fandangoes is that in glorifying the idea of winning, they set up false criteria for governing in a democratic society. An unusually wise and savvy fellow by the name of Al McGuire, who did some basketball coaching at Marquette University, once said that winning was really important only in surgery and war. A President does not succeed long if he is devoted to crushing opponents and then rubbing it in. His main work is persuading as many people as possible that he is listening, that he needs their help, and that they are the real winners. John Kennedy recognized this in the 1960 campaign, when he was urged to hit his critics harder. "That is not a very good idea," he said. "I'll need them all to run this country."

COLLEGE FOOTBALL



A real debate: Lincoln vs. Douglas

"Our Candidate/Ourselves"

Ferraro touches women's lives in a way no politician ever has



Geraldine Ferraro's trailblazing campaign has taken on meaning beyond politics for millions of American women. To get a sense of this somewhat hidden impact on private lives,

TIME Contributor Jane

O'Reilly met with women in Cleveland before and after the vice-presidential debate, and during a Ferraro campaign stop there last week. Her report:

There is a certain kind of glance women have always exchanged when something very important to them is being decided by the men in the family. Many of those sidelong looks have been exchanged since Geraldine Ferraro was nominated. Even female voters who do not support her as a candidate feel a bond with her as a woman. After the candidate spoke at a breakfast forum last week, three women from the fashionable eastern suburbs—a part of Cleveland where shopping can be taken up as a way of life—compared impressions. As voters they remained undecided. As women how do they respond to Ferraro? They give each other that glance. "We all have daughters... We feel a tremendous surge of pride."

Men and women feel differently about Ferraro. To men she is at worst a threat and at best a candidate. To women she is something like "our candidate/ourselves." The evening before the debate, the women who ride the No. 55 bus home from work to the western suburbs had very clear visions of the worst things that could happen to Ferraro. "She could have a snit." "She could cry or giggle." "I'm afraid my husband might think she seems like his mother." A travel agent said, "I worry a lot about her feet. Where does she find comfortable shoes? That's not a problem men candidates have."

What those women were really talking about was the problem of being a woman in what is still a man's world. Every fear they have for Geraldine Ferraro—What if she hesitates? What if she is dismissed as "just like a woman?"—is rooted in their own experience. It is empathy of the most profound sort, a conflicting mixture of pride and self-doubt.

Women, especially women seeking public office, have been allowed a very narrow range of acceptable behavior. A woman candidate must be neither too sexy nor too severe, too young nor too old. Her voice must be modulated into an aural approximation of the dress-for-success suit. Otherwise she will be thought—God forbid—too aggressive. She must seem tough enough to stand up to

the Soviets without being tough enough to frighten Freud.

That psychic procrustean bed is being splintered by Ferraro's campaign. The next woman to run for Vice President will not need to achieve perfect self-modulation. Nor will a male candidate again take

the liberty, as George Bush did, of making lame jokes about the World Series when given the chance to ask a question of his female opponent. Lee Csanad, a typographer, said indignantly, "Bush certainly underscored the fact that to this Administration our opinion has never mattered." The Bush campaign's post-debate donning of the manly trappings of the locker room—from gleeful references to kicking ass to an exchange of challenges about "manhood" with Mondale—was explained by Ohio Governor Richard Celeste as a reaction to anxiety. "That sort of defensive thing happens whenever women get close to power. Men just don't know how to handle it."

The Ferraro candidacy marks a changing of the old guard, a demarcation point in American politics and society. It is the result of years of still inconclusive evolution, and it generates emotions that are an inextricable blend of the domestic and the political. Along the Cuyahoga River, where the bare ruined choirs of America's industrial heartland are now being gingerly reclaimed by singles bars and furniture boutiques, Kathy Peterson, 33, is manager of an antique-brass shop. She spent a lot of

time this fall trying to resolve her tumbled responses to Ferraro. Married, a mother and stepmother, she is "not a strong woman's libber." She doesn't think people should vote for Ferraro just because she is a woman. Last week, after the candidate's visit, she said, "I've made up my mind. My husband said she didn't belong in the White House. I don't think that's fair. I would rather he said it's my choice. You know, men are going nuts over this."

St. Rose's Roman Catholic Church dominates a Cleveland working-class neighborhood of shingled two-family homes. On the Sunday before the debate, a sermon resisted change through severe warnings against the twin evils of abortion and recreational sex. "Think about it when you go to vote," admonished the priest. Parishioner Judy Trenkamp, a photocopy operator, lives with her son in a mock-Tudor house next to the railroad tracks. "Half of this ward is out of work," she shrugs. "I wanted Ferraro to trounce Bush."

Further east, further down the economic scale, at the K mart on 65th Street, a woman in the check-out line flashes one of those sidelong looks that speak of revenge to be taken in the privacy of the voting booth. She says, "I'm from West Virginia. I find, in the family, it's the men who do most of the talking against having a woman Vice President. But hillbilly women stick together, you know what I mean? As my momma always said, 'The thread gets very thin, but don't ever give up.'" A Cleveland policeman guarding the desolate shopping area says, "Ferraro is one hell of a lady. I just wish we could have Reagan with her." A surprising number of people, men and women, talk about that as a good ticket, combining the strongest candidates in a kind of symbolic resolution of deeply divisive issues.

Whenever Ferraro speaks, it is the feminist lines that win the biggest applause, as when she promises to be inaugurated for her second term under a Constitution that includes an Equal Rights Amendment, or when she answers the seemingly ubiquitous abortion protesters by saying that if she were raped and became pregnant, "that choice will have to be mine." Even men who admire her do not really understand what she means to women, the resonance when she repeats the line from her acceptance speech: "If we can do this, we can do anything." As Lee Csanad, watching her in Cleveland, said, "Her nomination is the first thing that has ever made me feel I was included in this country. And let me tell you something I hadn't even realized until today—her candidacy has already changed my life."

—By Jane O'Reilly



On a Midwestern swing



Greeting the candidate: empathy of the most profound sort

The Senate: Riding High with Reagan

CAMPAIGN



In both Mississippi and New Hampshire, Democrats thought they had a good chance to knock off incumbent Republican Senators in 1984. But two popular challengers are finding the going a great deal harder than they had expected.

Visions of the New South

With his broad shoulders, silver hair and deep, drawing voice, Thad Cochran seems a paragon of the old-fashioned Southern politician. He is not. As the first Republican since Reconstruction to win a Senate seat from Mississippi, Cochran, 46, personifies the changing face of the Deep South. A boosterish supporter of Reaganomics, Cochran is less conservative on civil rights and funding for public education. His easygoing geniality, moreover, has an appeal that extends far beyond his white, urban, upwardly mobile core constituency. Even Democratic Challenger William Winter concedes, "There is no way I would win a popularity contest with Thad Cochran."

The admission seems strangely humble coming from Winter, a popular and respected former Governor. A low-key but courageous progressive on racial issues, Winter, 61, became a populist hero by pushing through a sweeping 1982 education reform and tax bill that, among other things, makes it mandatory beginning in 1986 for local school districts to offer kindergarten classes. After completing one term as Governor and being barred by law from succeeding himself, Winter was the obvious choice to assert the Democratic Party's claim to pre-eminence in the progressive New South.



Winter: scholarly and dispirited

Yet Winter managed to dither away his political strength. First, after his supporters won a bitter struggle to have him appointed chancellor of the University of Mississippi ("Ole Miss") last December, Winter waffled, accepting the post and then changing his mind a week later. Then he appeared even more irresolute by agonizing for two months over whether to challenge Cochran, making up his mind, some say, only 20 minutes before his announcement. Compared with Cochran's upbeat, exuberant performance, the bespectacled, scholarly former bond attorney's campaign is rather dispirited.

Though the state's conservative majority gives Cochran an edge, his victory could hinge on Mississippi's blacks, who make up 35% of the population, the largest percentage of any state. Blacks traditionally vote solidly for Democrats, but Winter, for all his progressive credentials, cannot rely on their automatic support. The reason: many black voters are disenchanted with a state Democratic Party that they claim takes them for granted. While most polls show Cochran winning 15% to 20% of the black vote, Cochran's own surveys register 26%. Cochran is convinced he can appeal to both blacks and whites with his genial personality, moderate social positions and Reaganesque optimism. "People who wring their hands over how bad things are," says the Republican, "will have a hard time getting votes." ■

Thrift and Organomists

New Hampshire's Republican Senator Gordon Humphrey loves being known as a nickel squeezer. In his first term he has so far proudly returned \$560,000 in unspent office funds to the U.S. Treasury. In a state where talk of taxation is political suicide, Humphrey, 44, boasts, "Six years ago I promised I would be the toughest skinnifint in Washington, and I've kept that promise."

His Democratic opponent, five-term Congressman Norman D'Amours, insists that Humphrey's claims are mere "posturing," and has launched a ferocious attack on his inconsistent voting record. D'Amours, 47, cites Humphrey's initial support for the MX missile, his 1978 proposal that Social Security be phased out and his admission that he at first dismissed the threat of acid rain as "preposterous." It was only after Humphrey discovered that New Hampshire voters are deeply concerned about environmental issues and waste in military spending, D'Amours claims, that the Republican voted for federal funding to combat acid rain, began to oppose the MX and championed the sanctity of Social Security.



Humphrey: from co-pilot to budget slasher

Humphrey, a former commercial airline co-pilot who came out of the blue in 1978 to pull a surprising upset in his first political race, has benefited from the current economic boom. New Hampshire's unemployment rate, as recently as 1982 among the country's highest at 9.2%, has fallen to a national low of 3%, the result of an influx of high-tech industries. Humphrey has swaddled himself in the President's popularity. D'Amours, a moderate, never mentions Mondale by name; in the acrimonious debates, he cites instances when he voted with Reagan while Humphrey did not.

The bitter contest has now been disrupted by a strange allegation with uncertain political impact: muckraking Washington Columnist Jack Anderson disclosed this month that Humphrey's wife Patricia belonged to the American College of Organomy. Organomists, following a theory of Viennese Psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich, believe that sexual orgasms, for both adults and children, can release pent-up psychic energy and thus prevent illness. Humphrey, who has made New Right moral values part of his political crusade, does not deny his wife's associations, though he claims that descriptions of organomy have been distorted in press reports. He has managed at least to blunt any impact by bitterly chastising his opponent for "poking around in my private life and that of my wife." D'Amours is raveled by Humphrey's implication that he raised the organomy issue, but Humphrey's charges that D'Amours is running a "dirty campaign" may be sticking. In any case, polls show that Humphrey has taken a slight lead. ■

How to "Neutralize" the Enemy

A shocking CIA primer jolts the Administration

The 89-page booklet entitled *Psychological Operations in Guerrilla Warfare* is a primer on insurgency, a how-to book in the struggle for hearts and minds. Some of the "techniques of persuasion" are benign: helping the peasants harvest crops, learn to read, improve hygiene. Others are decidedly brutal: assassination, kidnaping, blackmail, mob violence.

It could be a manual for the Viet Cong or the Cuban-backed rebels in El Salvador. If it were, the Administration would likely be waving it as proof of its thesis about the sources of insidious world terrorism. In fact, however, it is a publication of the CIA, written for Nicaraguan *contras* seeking to overthrow the Sandinista regime. Its disclosure last week came as a political embarrassment to the Administration and a major moral one for the U.S. It stirred memories of CIA abuses that were supposedly outlawed a decade ago and gave Democrats a potentially hot new campaign issue.

The pamphlet, written in Spanish, recommends use of "selective violence" to "neutralize" Sandinista public officials "such as court judges, police and state security officials." To make an example of an execution, it is "absolutely necessary to gather together the population affected, so that they will be present and take part in the act." If "it should be necessary" to shoot a "citizen who is trying to leave town," guerrillas should claim that he was "an enemy of the people." Targets who fail to cooperate, the manual instructs, should be "exposed" to police "with false statements from citizens." The finale of a successful local insurgency is a mob riot. "Professional criminals will be hired to carry out specific selective jobs" like provoking a shooting that will "cause the death of one or more people who would become martyrs for the cause." A guerrilla commander stationed in a tower or tree should give the signal to begin the mayhem, the manual instructs. "Shock troops" armed with "knives, razors, chains, clubs and bludgeons" will "march slightly behind the innocent and gullible participants."

The document clearly violates the spirit of an Executive Order signed by Reagan in 1981 that prohibits even indirect participation in assassination. At the very least, the document undercuts Reagan's moral pronouncements condemning state-sponsored terrorism by such nations as Libya, Syria and Iran. Last June, for example, Secretary of State George Shultz declared, "It is not hard to tell, as we look around the world, who are the terrorists and who are the freedom fighters. ... The *contras* in Nicaragua do not blow up school buses or hold mass executions of civilians." (Asked how to reconcile Shultz's statement with the manual, a State De-



Psychological Operations in Guerrilla Warfare

partment spokesman said he was prohibited from discussing intelligence matters.)

A *contra* leader now in exile in Miami, Edgar Chamorro, told TIME that the document is based on notes given him a year ago by a "gringo" who arrived as a CIA operative at rebel headquarters in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. He was described by Chamorro as an Irishman who fought for the U.S. in the Korean War and admired the "psychological operations" of the Irish Republican Army. Chamorro printed up 2,000 copies of the manual and handed out 200 of them to his troops, but then he had second thoughts. He revised the rest by censoring out references to



Contra Leader Chamorro in Miami

Censoring out references to "murder."

"criminals" and "murder." (It was not the only time that *contra* leaders have balked at CIA help. Last spring they objected to a 16-page CIA *Freedom Fighters' Manual*, which showed, with comic-book-style illustrations, sabotage techniques like pulling down power cables and putting dirt into gas tanks. It was eventually distributed, but one *contra* leader objected that the cartoon characters depicted in the drawings "didn't look very Nicaraguan.")

Adolfo Calero, one of the *contra* leaders, denied last week that his guerrillas followed the terrorist teachings in the CIA manual. But in the field, the *contras* do use psychological and physical coercion to win over the peasantry, just as Communist-backed rebel organizations do. Government sympathizers are sometimes executed, and *contra* commanders have discussed assassinating one or another of the nine-member ruling Sandinista directorate. The *contras* had a list of 60 Sandinistas in the village of San Fernando who had to be "eliminated" before the *contras* could safely occupy the town last year, according to those who traveled with the *contras*. (They never took the town.)

Reaction to the CIA manual, the existence of which was first revealed by the Associated Press last Monday, was fast and furious. Walter Mondale demanded the resignation of CIA Director William Casey, and questioned Reagan's role. "Did he know this was going on?" asked Mondale. "I don't know which is worse—knowing this was going on or having a Government where no one is in charge." Congressman Edward Boland, the chairman of the House Intelligence Committee, fumed that the document was "repugnant to a nation that condemns such acts by others. It embraces the Communist revolutionary tactics that the United States is pledged to defeat throughout the world." His committee launched an investigation, and its Senate counterpart scheduled a closed briefing by CIA officials.

The White House moved quickly to disavow the document. President Reagan ordered two investigations, one by the CIA inspector general's office and the other by the agency's three-member oversight board. "The Administration has not advocated or condoned political assassination or any other attacks on civilians, nor will we," said Spokesman Larry Speakes. Other officials claimed that the booklet had been prepared by a "low-level contract employee" of the CIA and was never cleared for publication by higher-ups. The document indicates a sophisticated knowledge, apparently drawn from CIA field reports, of techniques currently being used by Communist guerrillas. The key political and moral question is whether senior Government officials knew what the CIA manual was advocating, and if not, why not. —By Evan Thomas. Reported by Martin Casey/Niami and Ross H. Mawr/Washington

Forward

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Nation

Is It Safe to Use the Phone?

The Administration seeks to cut off an intelligence drain

The tapping of telephone conversations has long been recognized as a security threat, and the rise in microwave and satellite transmission of conversations has made electronic eavesdropping easier than ever. Yet even though all Presidents since Franklin Roosevelt have conducted much of their business over secure, or scrambled, phone lines, the U.S. has been bewilderingly slow in dealing with another potentially enormous security problem: most Government and business officials daily discuss sensitive matters over ordinary, unsecured equipment.

As new technology has increasingly enabled global adversaries to sort through vast amounts of airborne telebabble in search of key words and phrases, ordinary telecommunications have become a priceless source of intelligence for the Soviet Union and, possibly, other nations. Says New York Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Vice Chairman of the Senate's Select Committee on Intelligence: "The targets of Soviet interception of telephone communications now include our businesses, our banks, our brokerage houses, as frequently as our Government agencies. Private communications of all sorts have been violated, and on a scale that dwarfs any previous surveillance effort by friend or foe."

Now the Reagan Administration is belatedly moving to stanch this immense intelligence drain. The President has quietly signed a document known as National Security Decision Directive No. 145. It gives overall responsibility for ensuring the security of communications in the Government and the defense industry to the National Security Agency (NSA), the secrecy-shrouded behemoth whose primary function since its founding in 1952 has been the collection and analysis of other nations' communication traffic. Under Reagan's directive, the NSA will search for ways of protecting the integrity of sensitive telecommunications and federal computer information, which increasingly are two interrelated parts of a common technology. Estimated cost over the next ten years: \$6 billion to \$8 billion.

The most visible part of the stepped-up security will be a massive increase in the use of secure telephones, which have so far been parceled out to federal officials with unusual frugality. Less than four years ago, intelligence sources say, the combined networks of secure telephones operated by the Federal Government probably numbered just upwards of 1,000 units. That total has risen steadily under the Reagan Adminis-

tration; the exact number is secret, but unofficial estimates put the net total at between 2,000 and 3,000 units. One reason the Government has been slow to install scrambled lines has been the cost: each secure unit runs about \$31,000. Another has been complaints from users that voice quality is poor. Even so, concedes Walter Deeley, the NSA's deputy director for communications security, a study he conducted last year on communications security showed telephones to be the biggest leakage problem.



AT & T satellite dishes and microwave tower

The targets include businesses, banks and brokerages.

Working with five of the nation's largest manufacturers of telephone equipment, (A T & T, ITT, Motorola, RCA and GTE), NSA officials believe technology has been developed that will lead to what Deeley, in computer jargon, calls "a user-friendly secure phone" at a cost of less than \$2,000 a unit. Scrambling units in current use weigh about 70 lbs. and take up the space of two filing-cabinet drawers. Electronics experts expect the new units to employ small, inexpensive microcircuits built directly into the telephone receiver. The scrambler converts signals produced by conversation into electronic "white noise" that is meaningless until deciphered, or unscrambled, on the other end of the line.

Deeley predicts that production of the new generation of secure phones will begin within two years. By the end of the

decade, NSA officials plan to install half a million of them; 200,000 in Government offices and an additional 300,000 in private companies that have access to classified or sensitive Government information. Within ten years they expect the total number of secure telephones in the U.S. to reach 2 million, or about one out of every 120 of the nation's horns. "Communication security is not like guns, ships or bullets," says Deeley. "It's sort of like insurance; it has no intrinsic value at a particular moment. But we must become serious about it."

Many experts are also concerned that there is leakage of valuable technical information through foreign eavesdropping on the telecommunications of private firms. The Commerce Department had considered a program to encourage private businesses to take more security measures, but the Government now tends to rely on competitive pressures to force companies to guard their secrets.

The U.S. began losing physical control of its telecommunications in the 1960s, when more and more began to be transmitted through the air waves rather than through cables. A T & T currently estimates that it uses satellites or microwave towers for 70% of its domestic traffic and 60% of its traffic abroad. Both forms of atmospheric transmission are easily interceptable on Soviet listening equipment that is doubtless installed in the U.S.S.R.'s diplomatic properties in the U.S. and elsewhere. The Kremlin's listening post in Cuba, for example, can pick up virtually all traffic from U.S. domestic communication satellites. Says an NSA official: "They just sit down there with their huge vacuum cleaner and suck everything up." In recent years the Soviets have developed computers that can null such intelligence with much more sophistication than earlier models, and not just in search of defense secrets. "A computer can put together those bits and pieces," says an NSA official. "And even if the vast majority of what was said is unclassified, the other side can put it together and save billions in research." Indeed, U.S. officials are convinced that the Soviets are targeting telecommunications involving U.S. space shuttle personnel in an effort to do just that.

Though cutting back on the Soviet Union's ability to eavesdrop is the primary purpose of the new telesecurity program, U.S. officials point out that it could also foil surveillance attempts by other rivals, including unscrupulous economic competitors. Moreover, as Reagan has pointed out, the same technology used in foreign intelligence operations is increasingly available to "terrorist groups and criminal elements." —By William R. Doerner. Reported by Ross H. Mauro/Washington



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Case of the Classy Madam

A blueblood's bordello is busted

It is a common male fantasy: ladylike in the living room, the woman turns unbelievably bawdy in bed. Advertised discreetly in the Yellow Pages as the "Finesse" escort service, Sheila Devin's Manhattan apartment was host to trim, elegant women, who for as much as \$2,000 a night would allegedly indulge wealthy clients in their wildest dreams. What no one could have imagined when she was arrested last week was the true identity of the woman behind the scenes. A professional madam at night, Devin by day was Sydney Biddle Barrows, of the New Jersey Biddles, one of the country's oldest and most distinguished families, say police. She and her mother are listed in the *Social Register* with the notation "Myf," the elite code for descendants of Mayflower Pilgrims.

Dubbing her the "Mayflower Madam," the tabloids rushed into killer-competitive frenzies over her story. The *New York Post* explained her impeccable lineage in breathless detail and bragged to its readers that it had obtained nude photos of Barrows taken during a 1973 European tour. Alas, the editors informed somewhat baffled readers, "they were not suitable for publication in a family newspaper." When the *Daily News* printed a revealing snapshot, along with an exclusive interview with Barrows after her arrest, the *Post* promptly splashed across half a page its picture of the young socialite reclining naked upon an Amsterdam hotel bed.

Until she surrendered to the Manhattan district attorney's office after charges of promoting prostitution had been brought against her, Barrows, 32, had allegedly run a 20-girl, \$1 million-a-year prostitution ring, one of the largest known to New York police. In her own work, the blond, slim, plain-faced patrician was as fastidious and thrifty as any of her Puritan ancestors. Recruiting models, actresses, some housewives and students from escort service ads and personal contacts, Barrows conducted grueling interviews. Besides good looks, she insisted upon intelligence and, above all, "eloquence." The chosen few were rated A, B or C in ascending order, depending on their talents, the A's receiving about \$125 an hour, while the C's commanded \$400 an hour to \$1,000 for the night. For \$2,000, a customer could sign up for a ten-hour session that included dinner out, a show, dancing and recreation. The call girls carried attaché cases equipped with a credit-card machine for their clients' convenience. Barrows' establishment, based in a brownstone, took 60% of each woman's earnings. The women had to shave their legs daily, and Barrows kept careful menstrual and weight charts on them. Those who got a bit flabby were suspended



Arrested, handcuffed, but ever well bred. Fond of going to the Mayflower Ball.

from work for two days for each extra pound. "She ran a pretty tight ship," concedes one police officer.

She also kept meticulous notes. When they raided her town house after finding out about the business, reportedly from a disgruntled call girl, investigators discovered a not-so-little black book with the names of more than 3,000 clients, a list so rich with executives, athletes, Arab sheiks, foreign officials, movie stars and prominent society figures that one awed officer called it a *Who's Who*. Each patron's pet vices were neatly inked next to his name. One notation cautioned that the



Barrows' bordello on West 74th Street

customer often reeked of garlic. Another, more refined regular was so valued he was rewarded with champagne and a free one-hour session on Valentine's Day. Barrows' notation alongside his name: "This is good business relations. Besides, we love him so much." One young Texas executive had noted as his preference: "Two tall busty blonds—with constant interaction between the girls." There were reports that the CIA had asked for the names of some foreign clients for possible use as informants. Officials said that others might be called as witnesses in the case.

A taskmaster at work, Barrows also knew how to play. She threw lavish formal Christmas parties for her employees and clients, taking home snapshots of some of the less circumspect guests. To celebrate New Year's Eve, she allowed her employees to keep half of the take; women who worked through the entire night kept 60%. For all her high living, Barrows believed in *noblesse oblige*: she volunteered to buy groceries for an elderly neighbor and donated money to the city's Meals-on-Wheels program.

Though hardly to the bordello born, Barrows had a background in legitimate business. After attending the Stoneleigh-Burnham boarding school for girls in Greenfield, Mass., Barrows enrolled in Manhattan's Fashion Institute of Technology, where she studied merchandising and business management. Graduating first in her class, she won a \$1,000 scholarship to advance her studies. She spent the money touring Europe with her boyfriend from The Bronx, Steve Rozansky, who last week peddled the pictures of her to New York newspapers. Says Rozansky, now a casino blackjack dealer: "She told me my New York Jewish accent would always make me seem dumb. She was very proud of her family, fond of going to the Mayflower Ball." After returning to New York in 1973, they broke up, and Barrows worked diligently for three years in the Abraham & Straus department stores' executive-trainee program.

Why Barrows turned to the life of a madam mystifies acquaintances. One classmate recalled that the well-connected but cash-poor student was "haunted" by a need to make money. Rozansky blamed her rebellious streak, which, he said, "was part of her going out with me." Though surprised by Barrows' secret life, the ex-boyfriend was not really shocked. "I knew that whatever she chose to do would be definitely successful," he noted, "done with taste and class." That was apparent to the spandex-clad streetwalkers who gaped when a handcuffed Barrows was brought to their cell dressed in a demure gray suit and pearl silk blouse. A prostitute asked her who her procurer was and, when she replied that she had none, admiringly dubbed her a "female pimp." The ladies applauded when, released on \$7,500 bail and surrounded by four high-powered attorneys, Barrows coolly paid up front with crisp \$100 bills.

—By Alessandra Stanley,
Reported by Raji Sanghadi/New York

Smoking in public: Let's separate fact from friction.

There has always been some friction between smokers and non-smokers. But lately this friction has grown more heated.

The controversy has been fueled by questionable reports which claim that "second-hand smoke" is a cause of serious diseases among non-smokers.

But, in fact, there is little evidence—and certainly nothing which proves scientifically—that cigarette smoke causes disease in non-smokers.

Skeptics might call this the wishful thinking of a tobacco company. But consider the scientific judgment of some of the leading authorities in the field—including outspoken critics of smoking.

For example, in 1983 the organizer of an international conference on environmental tobacco smoke (ETS) summarized the evidence on lung cancer as follows: "An overall evaluation based upon available scientific data leads to the conclusion that an increased risk for non-smokers from ETS exposure has not been established."

Even the chief statistician of the American Cancer Society, Lawrence Garfinkel, has gone on record as saying, "passive smoking may be a political matter, but it is not a main issue in terms of health policy."

Which brings us back to our original point: cigarette smoke can be very annoying to non-smokers.

But how shall we as a society deal with this problem?

Confrontation? Segregation? Legislation?

No. We think annoyance is neither a governmental problem nor a medical problem. It's a people problem.

Smokers and non-smokers have to talk to one another. Not yell, preach, threaten, badger or bully. Talk.

Smokers can help by being more considerate and responsible. Non-smokers can help by being more tolerant. And both groups can help by showing more respect for each other's rights and feelings.

But eliminating rumor and rhetoric will help most of all.

Because when you stick to the facts, it's a lot easier to deal with the friction.

American Notes

WAR CRIMES

Ghosts from the Past

Arthur Rudolph was one of 118 top German scientists, including his longtime friend Werner von Braun, who were secretly brought to the U.S. at the end of World War II. Later made manager of the Saturn V project in Huntsville, Ala., he led the development of the rocket that first took men to the moon. An American citizen since 1954, Rudolph was honored by NASA in 1969 with its most prestigious award, the Distinguished Service Medal.

Last week the Justice Department disclosed that Rudolph, 77, had voluntarily left for West Germany last March and renounced his U.S. citizenship in May. According to the Justice Department's Office of Special Investigations, beginning in 1943, Rudolph helped procure prisoners from the Dora-Nordhausen concentration camp in central Germany to build tunnels for the underground factory producing V-2 rockets. The laborers lived at the work site, sleeping on bare rock, working with their hands twelve hours a day, seven days a week, without ventilation, heat or drinking water. By the time Germany surrendered, more than a third of the 60,000 inmates had died. After being presented with corroborated evidence gleaned from archival documents, testimony and information contained in a 1980 book, *Dora* by Jean Michel, Rudolph was persuaded to leave the U.S.



Rocket Expert Rudolph

MINNESOTA

Small-Town Horror Stories

The accusations multiplied until the sexual-abuse scandal in Jordan, Minn. (pop. 2,663), gripped the entire community. After a mother told police last year that her teen-age daughter had been abused by a neighbor, 24 adults were charged with molesting 37 children, including their own. The children provided graphic testimony, and James Rud, 26, a convicted child molester, described a perverted version of hide-and-seek in which, he said, the adults would search out the children and spend five or ten minutes sexually molesting each one.

The first case to go to trial ended in an acquittal last month. Just as a second trial was getting under way last week, all of the cases were dropped. Reason: to spare the children further trauma and to prevent the release of information involving a related investigation "of great magnitude." The FBI and the state attorney general's office have now entered the case in the wake of claims by some of the children that boys brought in from elsewhere to participate in sex parties and pornography sessions had been murdered. Said John Erskine, chief of Minnesota's bureau of criminal apprehension: "We have to assume there is something to it."

DENVER

Mile High and Nine Inches Deep

Denver Mayor Federico Peña had officially declared it "Orange Monday" in honor of the Denver Broncos' team colors. With ABC *Monday Night Football* scheduled to show the Broncos taking on the visiting Green Bay Packers and with gorgeous Indian-summer weather prevailing throughout the Rockies, civic boosters hoped the national exposure would lure conventioners, new business, tourists and—who knows?—maybe even a long-awaited major league baseball franchise for Colorado.

A few hours before kickoff time, however, Orange Monday

had become a white nightmare as an unusually early blizzard dumped 9 in. of snow on the city. With many of the city's snowplows still in storage, roads quickly became hazardous, and Interstate 70 was the scene of a spectacular (but not fatal) 56-car accident.

The storm had its pluses. Diehard Bronco fans, decked out in orange coats and scarves, watched Denver plow to a 17-14 victory. Schoolchildren had the next day off. Even the police got a lucky break: a woman suspected of robbing two banks was nabbed when her getaway car got stuck in the snow.



The longest yard in Denver

LOS ANGELES

Wild in the Streets

Armed youth gangs have long prowled the streets of east and south-central Los Angeles, terrorizing the poor neighborhoods and fighting bloody turf battles. But the violence during the past month has been especially lethal. In the bloodiest weekend in 17 years, nine people were shot dead and six wounded in a "drive-by" shooting, when gang members opened fire on youths arriving at a party. Five people were murdered in a matter of seconds. Still another shooting last Thursday brought the week's total to ten. The majority of the week's victims were innocent bystanders. Among them: a Hughes Aircraft worker and mother who sang in her church choir.

Though the Los Angeles police department has now assigned more officers to the violent neighborhoods in response to community outrage, police have little hope of ending the killing that took 216 lives last year, says Sergeant Wes McBride, a longtime Los Angeles gang investigator: "It's typical for a kid to join the same gang his father belonged to. No matter how many people we put out there, we can't be on every block 34 hours a day."

JUSTICE

The Birdman of Leavenworth



Biologist Peters

Soon after Jeffrey Peters heard two years ago that some hunters had trapped a rare Merlin falcon, he went to Utah to pick it up. Peters, a Columbia, Mo., high school biology teacher and Cub Scout leader, is an internationally respected researcher whose specialty is birds of prey. But he did not obtain a permit from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to transport the rare bird over state lines. As a result, he was snared in an undercover sting operation aimed at poachers who illegally supply falcons in the Middle East, where the ancient sport of hunting with trained raptors is still popular and a perfect live bird can sell for thousands of dollars.

Peters arrived at the federal prison camp in Leavenworth, Kans., last Monday to begin serving an 18-month sentence. Had he killed a falcon, rather than pursued his studies on how best to preserve the birds, he would have faced lesser penalties. Peters, who is filing for a reduced sentence, says he will study the work of other raptor experts while confined in Leavenworth, which happens to be where the famous Birdman of Alcatraz, Robert Stroud, first began assembling his aviary in 1920 and wrote his digest on the diseases of birds.

World

EL SALVADOR

Giving Peace a Chance

As crowds cheer and hopes rise, Duarte meets the rebels face to face

José Napoleón Duarte stood on the outskirts of the dusty provincial town of La Palma, poised for a meeting that few of his countrymen had dared to imagine would take place. "They said we could never do it, but we are here," declared the stocky populist President before plunging into a crowd of camera-laden journalists and citizens waving paper flags. Then Duarte and his unarmed four-man entourage moved toward the town's Sweet Name of Mary Church, an angular structure built in 1960. Inside the building they faced the most important confrontation of Duarte's political career, and what could be a major turning point in the country's five-year civil war.

Moments later a more elusive assemblage of five men and a woman slipped into town: fatigue-clad guerrillas of the Marxist-led Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.) and shirt-sleeved civilian representatives of the guerrillas' political arm, the Democratic Revolutionary Front (F.D.R.), the government's main adversaries in the Salvadoran conflict.* The rebel group followed Duarte's contingent inside the church, and the doors closed behind them. The two sides sat down at a plain wooden table beneath a crucifix and a quotation painted on the blue wall that admonished COME TO ME, THOSE OF YOU WHO ARE WEARY. Thus began the first formal meeting between the two opposing forces in the bloody war that has taken more than 50,000 lives.

When the delegations emerged 5½ hours later, they had little of substance to report to the crowd that had kept the long vigil. The two sides agreed only to form an eight-member peace commission, with four representatives each, that will meet again in November. Meantime, the war would continue: there was no accord on a cease-fire. Said Guillermo Ungo, speaking for the rebels: "There are, obviously, differences. But we have reached a preliminary agreement." From the steps of the church, F.M.L.N. Commander Eduardo Sancho Castañeda shouted a theme to the crowd, which quickly took it up: "We all want peace, we all want peace, we all want peace."

After the guerrillas quietly moved out of town, Duarte emerged from the church,

*The F.M.L.N. delegation: Guillermo Ungo and Ruben Zamora of the Democratic Revolutionary Front; the rebels' political wing: Eduardo Sancho Castañeda (known as Fermán Cienfuegos), Lucio Castellanos, Facundo Guardado and Nidia Díaz, guerrilla military leaders.



The President after his meeting; the throng in La Palma under signs extolling Duarte and peace



took a microphone and, while one of the Salvadoran Boy Scouts—the main peace-keeping force in town—held up a bullhorn, praised the “admirable attitude of both sides.” Each, Duarte told the crowd, was aware of the “misery, pain, injustice and lack of liberty of the Salvadoran people . . . We aren’t offering miracles. But Salvadoran people together can gain the miracle of their liberation and peace for all.” Said Duarte: “These have been among the most transcendental hours in Salvadoran history.”

Though the emotional pitch reached by the throng at La Palma soon shrank to more realistic levels, it was clear that Duarte had accomplished an extraordinary feat for his battered and deeply divided country. The President had fulfilled, against considerable odds, a daring promise to open a dialogue with his enemies, an offer he first made ten days earlier before the United Nations General As-

sembly hitting a new roadblock. After launching a highly publicized campaign for acceptance of the treaty without further amendment, Nicaragua refused to attend a gathering last week of Central American foreign ministers in Honduras to consider additional treaty safeguards. The Nicaraguans blamed President Duarte, among others, for allegedly saying that the Contadora peace process was not resolving anything. Earlier in the week, the Latin American nations sponsoring the Contadora process (Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia and Panama) had met briefly in Madrid to try to reconcile the opposing points of view in the draft treaty. They failed to reach a solution, but vowed to continue their efforts.

The seemingly impossible problems of peaceful reconciliation were also very much on Duarte’s mind in La Palma. As he had promised the U.N., he intended to offer the F.M.I.N. an amnesty for political

crimes if the rebels would lay down their arms and join in nationwide municipal and legislative elections scheduled for March 1985. On the other hand, Duarte wanted to stress that since he took over last June as El Salvador’s first freely elected civilian President in 50 years, the grounds for armed insurrection against undemocratic rule have disappeared. As Duarte put it at a press conference following the La Palma meeting: “I said that the mere fact that we were in La Palma was a fundamental change and that it represents an important step.”

Until the last minute, it was doubtful whether that step would be taken. After they recovered from the surprise of Duarte’s offer and agreed to attend the meeting, the rebels continued to seek guarantees of personal security for Political Spokesmen Ungo and Ruben Zamora, who have spent the past four years in exile. Finally, on the day before the La Pal-



Guerrilla Leaders Guardado, Sancho, Ungo and Zamora on the steps of Sweet Name of Mary Church; below, lofty onlookers

sembly. In the process, the Christian Democratic leader had captured world attention, surprised and pleased the Reagan Administration and transformed the psychological landscape of his nation. Said Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts, an observer at La Palma who has worked behind the scenes to encourage dialogue between the Salvadoran army and the guerrillas: “No matter what happens next, Duarte has unleashed a kind of dynamic for peace.”

That momentum came at a critical moment. As Duarte and the rebels sat down in La Palma, the Sandinista government of nearby Nicaragua was preparing for the Nov. 4 elections that are intended to bolster its diminishing international credibility (see following story). At the same time, efforts to finish a draft version of a five-nation Central American peace treaty, the so-called Contadora Act, were



ma meeting, the duo arrived at El Salvador’s Cuscatlán Airport from Panama, aboard a Colombian air force plane, with three foreign ambassadors as diplomatic escorts. The atmosphere aboard the aircraft, said Swiss Ambassador to Central America François Nordmann, “was extremely tense.” The rebels were greeted at Cuscatlán by International Red Cross officials, who drove the pair down a highway patrolled by hundreds of Salvadoran army troops.

As Ungo and Zamora arrived, government crews were hard at work on the 50 miles of road to La Palma from San Salvador, the capital. Their mission: to fill hundreds of cavernous potholes with asphalt before President Duarte traveled to the rendezvous. In La Palma’s central plaza, there was a fiesta mood. Townspeople gathered to watch advance brigades of the international press prepare for the

next day's meeting. While television technicians strung cables and tested sound systems, local women were hanging white pennants and banners that proclaimed DUARTE PRESIDENT OF PEACE.

The most striking change in La Palma, however, was the absence of armed guerrillas in the streets. A town of 3,200 set amid pine forests and mountainous peaks, La Palma has been considered for the past three years to be within guerrilla-controlled territory. By Sunday, neither rebel fighters nor units of the 41,000-member Salvadoran army were in sight. Both sides were apparently respecting a mutual pledge to keep all armed forces outside a six-mile radius of the meeting place. In the town square, Boy and Girl Scouts were being drilled on how to maintain order.

Amid the bustle of preparation, there was an interlude of comic frenzy as journalists spotted Ungo and Zamora traveling up the road from San Salvador to a rendezvous with their rebel cohorts. Press cars, pickup trucks and vans roared off in



Rebel caravan pursued by journalists

pursuit. Soon there were between 30 and 40 vehicles jammed door to door, bumper to bumper, along the rutted gravel road. In the back of a careering pickup truck a Salvadoran TV reporter attempted to film a news report. A U.S. photographer hung precariously out the window of a speeding yellow taxicab. The cars carrying the rebel leaders sped away, while a Red Cross van tried and failed to block the press pur-

suit. Local peasants gaped in astonishment as the clanking caravan roared about seven miles past La Palma to the Honduran border, executed a U-turn and raced back again. Finally, the rebels stopped on a cobbled La Palma side street and agreed to be interviewed. Then Ungo and Zamora continued to their clandestine meeting point, where they were greeted with flowers by F.M.L.N. fighters and spent the night reviewing strategy for the next day's meeting.

As the crucial day dawned, hordes of ordinary Salvadorans began streaming into La Palma. The Duarte government urged the President's supporters to make an appearance at the peace talks. The guerrillas had also turned out their followers, and strands of red flags joined the white banners overhead. In the town square a group of 100 schoolchildren waving white pompons were soon surrounded by lean, stony-faced fieldworkers and their families. Between 15,000 and 20,000 witnesses eventually filled the town. None of them, impressively enough, carried the

"I Was Really Worried"

Shortly after his bold and historic visit to La Palma, José Napoleón Duarte talked for nearly an hour with TIME Mexico City Bureau Chief Harry Kelly, Correspondent Ricardo Chavira and Reporter J.T. Johnson at the presidential palace in San Salvador. He was at times eloquent, and at times surprising, as he offered his own views about what had happened, and why. Excerpts:

What led you to believe people were ready for a dialogue with the F.M.L.N.?

You have to remember that since I took office, I said that I had my own timetable. I needed international aid and comprehension in order to go inside my country with enough strength to obtain my aims. That is why I went to Europe, to South America, to the U.S. When I obtained military aid from the Senate, that gave me the strength to say that there is confidence in what I was trying to do. When I went to West Germany and obtained economic aid, and the Minister of Commerce came to El Salvador, it created a direct feeling in the country that this was the means to solve problems. That allowed me to say that the world believed in what I was trying to do. Then I started to work inside the country, going from town to town. I started to talk to all the officers from garrison to garrison. I thought it would have taken six months. But things went faster than I thought, and that gave me the opportunity to, let's say, risk it.

Did you have a sense of risk at La Palma?

No question about it. I knew that all the people up there were armed. You saw them. Pistols all over the place.

What did you feel afterward?

Well, the whole way up I was very emotional and tense. And all the time we were in the town. You have to remember that I was taking complete responsibility for whatever happens there. One single mistake could have destroyed everything. I

was even worried when [Ungo and Zamora] took the Red Cross car back to San Salvador. I stayed in radio contact the whole time, until they took the plane.

I was really worried that this would not come out the way it did. But let me say that it went beyond all my expectations. And I think that everybody was surprised by the results. This gives the people an opportunity to think optimistically about the future. I think that I have proved that this government can govern the country, that this government is capable of making its own decisions, that this government was able to open up the door that was almost impossible to open. And this is the concept behind the dialogue, that this government now has the full backing of the world and of the people of the country.

When you got home, what did you tell your wife?

I didn't say anything. We just embraced. My daughters also. They had gone up to La Palma, all three daughters, and they just gave me an embrace and a kiss, and that was it.

Did your feelings about the rebels change as a result of the meeting?

I know Mr. Ungo and Mr. Zamora very well. They acted the same as I expected them to act. I had never met any of the other people. They were very hard at first, especially the woman [Nidia Diaz]. She was very tense and serious. But she changed as the hours passed.

The most dramatic change was *Comandante Cienfuegos* [Eduardo Sancho Castañeda]. In the beginning, he was trying to back up Ungo's position. But then he started to talk for himself, and he kept on talking and talking. At one moment he stopped and said, "I'm taking up all the time." And I said, "No, you just continue. I want to hear everything you have to say." So for an hour, an hour and a half, we let him talk. He was trying to prove a theory, but in the middle of his theory he was accepting important facts. He was getting more and more sincere as the time passed. At a certain moment he said, "I recognize that there is a national consensus that we are bleeding the Salvadoran brothers dry." And then he said, "I recognize that there is a national consensus for



José Napoleón Duarte

ubiquitous machetes that serve the peasants as both tools and weapons.

Meantime, Duarte was making his own deliberate progress from the capital, accompanied to the meeting by three political aides and Defense Minister General Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova, who was included as a further gesture of good faith to the guerrillas. As Duarte later told it, the emotional high point of his roughly two-hour trip to the talks came as his red Toyota pulled away from the last army checkpoint, 16 miles south of La Palma. Two officers stepped up to say goodbye. Recalled Duarte: "They said, 'God bless you, and may you bring back peace.' That means I had convinced them of what I was trying to do."

The La Palma meeting seemed to uncover a craving in almost every sector of Salvadoran society for an end to the bloodshed. Evelio Sorto, a teacher displaced by the war from his home in the northern department of Morazan, was among the crowd that trekked to La Palma. "If this opportunity is lost, we may



Salvadorans awaiting outcome of meeting

never have another," he observed. Said Oscar Martinez, a local peasant: "This is a beautiful country, but the war is destroying it. I hope the leaders can forget their differences and think about what they are doing to El Salvador."

The country's extreme right, on the other hand, took strong exception to the peace mission. The secret Anti-Communist Army, one of El Salvador's death

squads, named Duarte as a target for execution. The President was bitterly criticized by Roberto d'Aubuisson, leader of the ultraright Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA) and a former presidential candidate. The La Palma meeting, D'Aubuisson said, was "a monologue between old buddies for the same cause: socialism." But D'Aubuisson is increasingly the odd man out in Salvadoran politics: conservative business elements in ARENA supported Duarte's initiative.

If Duarte had anticipated the popular support that his peace mission would win, so, to a certain extent, had the rebels. In the past, the guerrillas have made offers of their own to negotiate; when they agreed to the La Palma meeting, said Zamora, it was in recognition of "domestic pressure. We know that if we separate from the people, it means we lose the war." Even so, one important guerrilla commander, Joaquin Villalobos, head of a faction known as the People's Revolutionary Army, was unable to attend. The reason: difficulties

peace. I wouldn't like to keep on fighting. I would like to be back in my house and going to work and whatever I have to do." So he was getting more and more on the human side.

Did the others agree with him?

No, the *comandantes* were quiet. The ideological [debate] was really between the two F.D.R. people [Ungo and Zamora] and ourselves. Zamora said, "There is no democratic election unless there is an absolute democracy." I said to him, "This is a totalitarian concept. You want everything now." They would not accept, for example, even the bureaucracy. They were thinking totally authoritarian. I said I didn't agree with that. I believed that we are in a process, so I said, "The case is comparing whether there have been changes between 1979 and today. You are not accepting this, and this is your mistake." They said they were not asking for a total, global concept of democracy. They said this dialogue is a process, and the ending of the war is a process. We agreed. So we started the discussion there and took up how the proposals were going to be analyzed.

Do you think they will participate in the elections next spring?

I don't think so. In their minds they are not prepared for that. I think they feel the government is looking for a democratic space, which doesn't necessarily mean elections, and that we could find this space in other systems of social and political participation. There are a million possibilities.

Do the guerrillas feel they have to negotiate from a position of strength, meaning that there will be more military activity?

I don't know. It's for sure they've already started. They said they'd stop all the traffic in the country. This is the reason why I told them they are making a historical mistake. They are not attacking the oligarchy, or the imperialists, or the army, or the government. They are attacking the people. They are destroying the economy, the crops, the buses. They are making the people suffer by taking their lights and their energy away. That is the reason they are losing. I said it to them.

What was their response?

There was no answer.

Was La Palma a test of your control over the military?

No. The military made it absolutely clear they were going to support me. They complied with all the orders I gave. Not only that, they had already planned an operation for the [La Palma] area, and I suspended it. And yesterday I spent the whole morning with the army commanders discussing this process, and they are absolutely clear in backing it up.

And the business community?

The same thing. I have a meeting with them tomorrow to explain what happened. There is no question that the business people believe that after trying every other method, the situation in the country cannot be improved without peace.

What are you going to do about the economy?

I have my own timetable, and I haven't launched yet into the economy. This is the next priority. As soon as I finish with this effort—from here on the peace commission will take over—then I'll get into the economic problems.

Have you decided on the four government members of the peace commission?

I already know, but I won't tell you.

How much credit can the U.S. take for La Palma?

There is a change from U.S. policies of the last 50 years. Before, the U.S. was supporting dictatorships in Latin America. Now they are not. If that were not so, I wouldn't be here. If it weren't for the efforts of Republicans and Democrats in exporting democracy, then this country would never have had free elections. There is no question—and this was on the table at La Palma—that this country has a dependency on the U.S. The problem is, is this dependency reason enough for the U.S. to impose policies, objectives, goals, instruments and means?

Should the U.S. be doing more for El Salvador?

Yes, yes. The domino theory works in both directions, from the Communist countries knocking down all the dominoes and from the democratic countries doing it too. At this moment, U.S. aid has been at a level at which we can survive. But what if we fail? If we win, we demonstrate that there is a way out for the democratic revolution. Then you have an example for the world. Then the U.S. will have real friends.

Thank you, Mr. President.

I want to tell you something. I'm going next week to Torola. I'm going to build a bridge. One of the things that was on the table [at La Palma] was a letter written by the people of Meanguera, Torola and other towns [near the Torola River]. These people had written to both sides to let them rebuild the bridge, not to destroy it. Today we started the project. The people are moving back, they are going to rebuild their houses.

And the guerrillas agreed to that?

No, no. We're moving in with the troops so we can build the bridge and say, "All right. Let's see what the guerrillas do. Are they going to destroy it or not? Are they going to let the people live there or not?" That's the guerrillas' responsibility.

World

in traveling from his remote stronghold in the department of Morazan.

At the end of the La Palma talks, the F.M.I.N. representatives were still demanding satisfaction on the lengthy agenda that they had carried into the session. Among the items: the cutoff of U.S. military aid and training assistance for Duarte's government, the freeing of all "political" prisoners and an end to alleged government bombing of civilian targets. But some people present at the discussions were encouraged by the civility of tone. Said a government participant: "There were no hugs and kisses, but there was much more cordiality than expected. We had feared [the guerrillas] would be cold and formal, even hostile, but they were reasonably friendly and very civilized." Duarte's recollection of the guerrillas' demeanor was that "they were very hard at first" (see box). The guerrillas' own feelings about their attitude were summed up by Zamora: "We are in favor of a process that, although it may take time at the beginning, should acquire solidity as time goes on."

Duarte could claim one other striking achievement at La Palma: his initiative had at least in part transformed the civil war, in the President's words, into "a Salvadoran problem, which must be solved among Salvadorans in El Salvador." U.S. officials were not present at the La Palma talks, and according to a State Department analyst, Washington's suggestions to Duarte were limited to his personal security. Even then, the U.S. offer of a bulletproof vest for the President was turned down.

The Administration deserved some credit for helping Duarte. Washington has bolstered the Salvadoran military with training and military aid. And more. A U.S. plane on a surveillance mission over rebel territory crashed outside San Salvador last week, killing four American employees of the Central Intelligence Agency. In addition, the U.S. strongly supported the democratic election process by which Duarte took office. The Administration also aided the Salvadoran armed forces in developing an increasingly aggressive stance toward the guerrillas on the battlefield. That, in the U.S. view, went a long way toward creating incentives for the La Palma meeting. Said a U.S. diplomat: "The guerrillas tend to shy away from negotiations as their power increases. They tend toward negotiations as their power weakens." According to that assessment, Duarte must still wage war in order to wage peace. Indeed, three days after the La Palma meeting, the Salvadoran army launched a new offensive against the guerrillas in northern Morazan. But in going those dangerous miles to La Palma, El Salvador's new President had given peace a measurably better chance.

—By George Russell.

Reported by Ricardo Chavira and Harry Kelly/La Palma

NICARAGUA

The Tin Kazoo

A campaign without suspense

For Daniel Ortega Saavedra, the day began with a two-hour drive from Managua, the capital, to the ranching town of Juigalpa. As the coordinator of Nicaragua's ruling junta, Ortega presided over a town meeting in the local movie theater. Then, as the Sandinista party candidate for President in the Nov. 4 elections, he led a parade of jubilant supporters through the town's narrow streets. Dressed in his customary army fatigues, Ortega acted like the seasoned politico, waving to onlookers, kissing babies and savoring the cheers of "De Frente! De Frente! Daniel por Presidente!" (For-



Ortega campaigning in Juigalpa

Winning is not the same as persuading.

ward! Forward! Daniel for President!)

If Ortega seemed confident, he had good reason. By all accounts, the Sandinistas are expected to win the elections handsily. No matter how great their victory at the polls, however, Ortega and his colleagues are not likely to accomplish their primary purpose in holding elections, which is to persuade critics at home and abroad that the Sandinista government legitimately represents the Nicaraguan people. What makes the vote especially suspect in U.S. eyes is the absence of a strong opponent to Ortega. Arturo Cruz Porras, a former member of the Sandinista junta, originally planned to head a ticket backed by the *Coordinadora*, an amalgam of opposition political parties, labor unions and businessmen. Cruz's supporters, however, demanded concessions from the Sandinistas, including a relaxation of press censorship. After several weeks of bargaining, the talks broke down. Though foreign diplomats in Managua agree that the *Coordinadora* could not have won the

election, it stood a better chance than any of the six remaining opposition parties in the race. The Sandinistas' leading rival now is the Independent Liberal Party, which advocates a mixed economy at home and strict non-alignment. Some Nicaraguans view the Liberals, not the *Coordinadora*, as the true voice of democracy in the country, but others consider the party's presidential candidate, Virgilio Godoy Reyes, 50, a former Labor Minister, too close to the Sandinistas.

The government has lifted some campaign restrictions, including a ban on outdoor rallies, and ordered its two television stations to sell equal blocks of time to all parties. According to some Nicaraguans, however, the neighborhood Sandinista defense committees are becoming a problem. In the southern town of San Juan del Sur, "Rodrigo," 27, told TIME that his neighbors have been warned to vote for the Sandinistas or risk losing their food ration cards. "It's not a fear of repression, as in Somoza's times," says Domingo Sanchez Salgado, presidential candidate of the small Socialist party. "It is a fear of repercussions."

A far more dangerous threat is represented by the *turbas* (mobs). Early in the campaign, Cruz's car was stoned and his supporters were assaulted several times. Though Sandinista leaders publicly condemn the violence, the *turbas* are organized by middle-level party officials. In some cases, planners have even supplied municipal buses to transport crowds.

A major issue remains Nicaragua's economy. The inflation rate is about 25%, unemployment is high, and items ranging from aspirin to tires are in short supply. Another key issue is the military draft of all males over 16. The Sandinistas claim that fresh enlistees are needed to battle the *contras*, but the army already totals some 50,000, Central America's largest.

The Reagan Administration has not altered its opinion that the elections are rigged in the Sandinistas' favor. Senior U.S. officials also contend that the Nicaraguan government has alienated its West European supporters. "You couldn't name me an international leader who thinks highly of the Sandinistas," says a top State Department official. "They have squandered an extraordinary amount of good will." What counts most for the Sandinistas, however, is the level of good will at home, not abroad. If the election results do not promise to give a true picture of Sandinista support, perhaps the turnout will. Some Nicaraguans contend that after 44 years of right-wing dictatorship and five years of Marxist government, many of their country's 1.6 million registered voters are too apathetic to go to the polls at all. "Nicaraguans are concerned about where to get food and how to obtain peace," says a parish priest in Managua. "They simply don't believe anyone's promises at this point." —By James Kelly.

Reported by Ane Erick and Janice C. Simpson/Managua

CHINA

Capitalism Comes to the City

Deng extends economic reform from the farm to the factory

Something was obviously afoot. China's leader, Deng Xiaoping, 80, who usually chooses to operate behind the scenes, uncharacteristically commanded center stage at National Day celebrations three weeks ago. Then, for an unprecedented nine days in a row, the low-profile leader appeared on the front page of *People's Daily*. In most of the articles quoting him, he pointedly asserted that his "open-door" policy on foreign trade would continue and that the capitalist system in Hong Kong would be preserved for at least 50 years after China reassumes control of the British colony in 1997. Finally and most dramatically, Deng grandly declared a fortnight ago that he was planning "a kind of revolution" in his country's economy.

All the curious portents were explained last Saturday as officials unveiled one of the most radical schemes for economic growth in the 35-year history of the People's Republic. After 618 delegates had gathered behind closed doors for seven days during what was officially known as the Third Plenum of the Twelfth Central Committee, Chinese leaders released a 16,000-word resolution outlining a complex package of new economic reforms. The program consolidated Deng's five-year attempt to promote a free-market system in the countryside. More important, the new scheme extended those reforms to the long-stagnant cities, thereby promising the "invigoration" of notoriously sluggish industries and offering 200 million urban workers a chance to catch up with some of the 800 million peasants who have been enjoying the fruits of free enterprise for half a decade now. With startling candor, the document conceded that although socialism is superior to capitalism, "this superiority has yet to be brought into full play."

The improvements were made necessary by the success of the reforms initiated during the Third Plenum of the Eleventh Central Committee, in 1978. At that meeting Deng effectively consolidated his power over China and set about rebuilding an economy laid waste by 20 years of Maoist experimentation. The new leader's major innovation was the "contract responsibility system" that permitted peasants, once they had turned over a relatively modest quota of their crops to the government, to sell the rest on the open market. The results have been stunning: record harvests in almost every crop since 1979, and agricultural output growing an astonishing 7.9% a year.

But as newly prosperous peasants began streaming into the cities to buy trucks, cars and consumer luxuries, their urban counterparts, whose wages remained fixed, grew jealous. Although agriculture has boomed, much of Chinese industry has continued to stagnate. Unemployment in the cities is higher than

10%, while poor planning has, the resolution acknowledges, "seriously dampened the enthusiasm, initiative and creativeness of enterprises." Shortages of electrical power have idled about 20% of industry. Scarcity of steel and cement has brought construction projects to a halt for months on end. Meanwhile, more than 40% of the government's budget has gone to subsidizing inefficient industries and basic commodity prices.

The costliest flaw in the system has been the absence of incentives. Industrial workers are virtually guaranteed employment for life. More than that, rewarding merit is considered dangerously unsocialist. When the government allocated money for merit bonuses five years ago, most managers chose to hand out cross-



Spreading the fruits of free enterprise: Deng, left, and Hu Yaobang at last week's plenum. Socialism beats capitalism, "but this superiority has yet to be brought into full play."

the-board wage hikes to hard worker and laggard alike.

Deng is determined to change all that. Just last week, the authoritative *Economic Daily* announced that the number of commodities subject to planned output targets would be slashed from 120 to 60 in the industrial economy, and from 29 to ten in the agricultural sector. Thus many more goods can now fluctuate according to the law of supply and demand. Until this month, state-owned factories were forced to hand over all their profits to the state. Now the plants simply pay a progressive tax on profits and then use the remainder for incentive and welfare schemes or direct reinvestment. Managers will also, it seems, be allowed to hire and fire as they choose, as well as to set wage differentials among employees.

The most fundamental of the newly announced economic changes, and the riskiest politically, is price reform. Until last week, consumer prices on such basic items as rice, vegetables and housing were kept artificially low through government

subsidies. Now the cost of many items will be allowed to respond to market forces. The government is hoping that a rise in demand will prompt an increase in supply, so that prices that rise sharply at first will eventually be brought down again. Nonetheless, many Chinese fear that their bureaucrats, however liberal-minded, lack the experience to handle the subtleties of the free-market system. Deng has warned his countrymen that for all the success of his agrarian reforms, "urban reforms need greater courage."

The leader will also need considerable public support as he launches his boldest, and perhaps his last, assault upon China's long-held commitment to egalitarianism. Last Saturday's document categorically declared that "socialism does not mean pauperism, for it aims at the elimination of poverty." But many politically "conservative" Chinese, who still believe that penury is a virtue, may feel that the new brand of socialism sounds suspiciously like capitalism. In the highest echelons,

Deng has been supported by Premier Zhao Ziyang and General Secretary Hu Yaobang, but has evidently run into some stiff resistance over the pace of his program from the three other members of the influential Politburo Standing Committee: President Li Xiannian, former Planning Czar Chen Yu and Marshal Ye Jianying, a Communist leader for half a century who may be the last party luminary strong enough to question Deng. Ye has been out of public sight for months, and there have been persistent rumors that he died before the plenum began. The party, according to one version, did not wish to announce Ye's death until the meeting was over.

For the moment, nothing seems likely to stop Deng and his reforms. After a *People's Daily* article last week voiced the widespread fear that his open-door policy admitted all kinds of "dirty things," the ever resourceful leader had a typically pungent response. "It doesn't matter if someone gets dirty," he said, "just so long as he washes himself more often." —By Pico Iyer.

Reported by David Allan/Peking

World



Chernenko with Syria's Assad, Soviet Premier Tikhonov and Foreign Minister Gromyko

SOVIET UNION

Soft Sell

Chernenko's timely message

The private Kremlin conference room of Konstantin Chernenko has been firmly off limits to Western journalists since the Soviet President took command of the Communist Party in February. But last week the room's large double doors unexpectedly swung open. Responding to written questions submitted five days earlier by Washington Post Moscow Bureau Chief Dusko Doder, Soviet officials summoned the journalist to the Kremlin on a half-hour's notice. During a 20-min. interview, Chernenko, 73, looking relaxed and ruddy-cheeked, sounded more ready than in the past to accommodate the prospect of new dialogue with the U.S. Said he: "There are considerable possibilities in Soviet-American relations, very considerable possibilities."

Chernenko cited four issues he thought the Reagan Administration could act on to convince the Soviets of its seriousness about resuming broader talks. The steps are to negotiate a ban on the militarization of space, a mutual freeze on nuclear weaponry, ratification by the U.S. of two pending test-ban treaties signed in the mid-1970s and a joint pledge to renounce the first use of nuclear weapons, a promise that is already embraced by the Soviets. Said Chernenko: "If what the President has said about readiness to negotiate is not merely a tactical move, I wish to state that the Soviet Union will not be found wanting."

The interview may represent a slight softening of the Soviet line toward the U.S. It was the first apparent indication that progress on at least some of the four issues might permit resumption of the stalled negotiations on offensive weaponry. Chernenko's remarks were especially significant in their timing, five days before Sunday's presidential debate on foreign policy. The Soviet leader obviously wanted to help set the agenda for the discussion and perhaps give a slight boost to Democratic Candidate Walter Mondale. Indeed, three of Chernenko's proposals—

the nuclear freeze, ratification of the test-ban treaties and the pledge against the use of killer satellites—are similar to planks of the Democratic Party platform. At the same time, the Soviets may have concluded that Reagan will be re-elected and wanted to leave the door open for future dealings with him.

The Administration responded cautiously to Chernenko's remarks. "When the Soviet Union is prepared to move from public exchanges to private negotiations and concrete agreements, they will find us ready," said White House Spokesman Larry Speakes. At week's end, however, the Soviets grew difficult again, issuing a lengthy rebuttal of earlier White House charges that they had violated arms-control treaties and accusing the U.S. of infractions of its own.

The Post interview is the latest in a series of Chernenko appearances evidently designed to dispel speculation that the leader's health is failing and that his nation is suffering a leadership vacuum. A few days after signing a friendship treaty in Moscow with President Ali Abdullah Saleh of North Yemen, Chernenko last week received Syrian President Hafez Assad in the Kremlin. Hungarian Communist Leader János Kádár, on a visit to Paris last week, insisted that all is well in the Moscow hierarchy. Said he: "It is a stable leadership, and the continuity of its leadership is the mark of its stability."

Though many Western analysts would question that assessment, the Soviets last week demonstrated once again that making conclusions about stability in the Kremlin is a perilous exercise. Only a little more than a month ago, Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, 66, was demoted from his posts as Chief of the General Staff and Deputy Defense Minister, apparently because the party leadership found him too assertive. Yet two weeks ago, Ogarkov turned up in East Berlin embracing East German Party Leader Erich Honecker on an official visit. And last week Politburo Member Grigori Romanov confirmed that the marshal has been named commander of the Western Theater, comprising all Soviet and Warsaw Pact forces west of the Ural Mountains—perhaps not as important as his previous job, but hardly a humiliation. ■

BRITAIN

Delayed Shock

New clues, tighter security

Two days earlier, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher had narrowly escaped death when an Irish Republican Army bomb exploded in her hotel at the seaside resort of Brighton, killing four people and injuring 32. On Sunday, the day after her 59th birthday, the Prime Minister attended morning services at the village church of St. Peter and St. Paul near her official country residence, Chequers. She left the services visibly moved. "It was a lovely morning—we have not had many lovely days," she said later. "The sun was coming through the stained-glass windows and falling on some flowers across the church. It just occurred to me that this was the day I was meant not to see. And then, all of a sudden, I thought there are some of my dearest friends who are not seeing this day."

The display of emotion was rare for a Prime Minister who seems to glory in her reputation as Britain's "Iron Lady." Thatcher, however, was soon back in form. As further details of the attack emerged and new security measures were carried out, she refused to bow to I.R.A. threats and spoke out as firmly as ever in deploring the nation's 33-week-old coal miners' strike.

For much of the week, the Prime Minister's concerns focused on the coal dispute, which has turned into a political test of will for the government. After talks between the National Union of Mineworkers and the National Coal Board broke down, the National Association of Colliery Overmen, Deputies and Shotfireds (NACODS), a moderate union of mine supervisors, announced that it would join the strike this week. If a total walkout occurs, the absence of NACODS' safety experts will close the 55 mines still producing coal and raise the real prospect of coal shortages and power cuts this winter. The threat angered the government. "I find it difficult to understand, and I think many members of NACODS will find it difficult to understand, why the strike has been called," complained Thatcher. The NACODS action, together with the \$1.35-per-bbl. drop in North Sea oil prices, caused near panic in British financial markets; the pound sank to \$1.18, its lowest point in history against the dollar, and the London stock market recorded its sharpest one-day fall ever.

Despite the financial crisis, the after-



Thatcher

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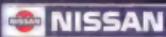
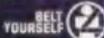
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World

math of the bombing continued to preoccupy the British public. In Brighton, where the most seriously injured victims of the blast remained under police guard, detectives were following up clues, and bomb experts were sifting through the ruins of the Grand Hotel. Their efforts yielded what Commander Bill Hucklebsy, head of Scotland Yard's antiterrorist branch, called "significant items." Police theorize that the bomb, possibly wrapped in plastic to hide its odor from police dogs, was planted behind a panel in a bathroom of the hotel by I.R.A. "sleeper agents" long resident in England. The device was apparently detonated by a sophisticated microchip timer that could have been pre-set weeks earlier.

Meanwhile, an I.R.A. spokesman refused to rule out the prospect of new attacks against "prestige targets" in Britain, and security was increased for the Queen, Cabinet members and other political leaders. In the future, no advance notice will be given for any of the Prime Minister's engagements outside the heavily guarded official residence on Downing Street. Government offices have been placed on black alert, the highest state of readiness. At the same time, tough new security plans are being devised for what could be the I.R.A.'s next big target: the State Opening of Parliament on Nov. 6, attended by the Queen, all government ministers and the judiciary.

Even as the security crackdown went into effect, newspapers and government ministers took aim at the Irish Northern Aid Committee (NORAID), the U.S.-based organization accused of funneling money and arms to the I.R.A. "The bomb," noted a *Daily Mirror* editorial, "may have been planted by an Irish terrorist, but the fingerprints upon it were American." Addressing the American Chamber of Commerce in London, Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe warned the "misguided minority of Irish Americans [that] they are supporting and promoting terrorism." Subsequently, U.S. Ambassador to Britain Charles H. Price promised to ask American law-enforcement agencies to take every possible action against NORAID. He pointed out, though, that NORAID cannot be outlawed because it is protected by the U.S. Constitution.

The threat of further violence did not seem to unsettle the Prime Minister. "The fact is that we do live in a certain amount of danger," she said. "You simply cannot live in a cocoon." Thatcher predicted increased pressure for a restoration of the death penalty, a measure she has always personally supported. She also announced that talks with Irish Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald about Northern Ireland would take place in November as planned. "We are not," a senior aide vowed, "going to give in to the bomb and the bullet." —By Jay D. Palmer. Reported by *Bonnie Angelo/London*

ISRAEL

A \$500 Million Misunderstanding

Doubt over debt, but smiles about weapons

Prime Minister Shimon Peres returned to Israel early last week after a highly successful trip to the U.S. He carried with him the assurances of strong U.S. economic backing, possibly including a postponement of the \$500 million in Israeli debt that comes due early next year. But disturbing news awaited him as he resumed work on Israel's economic problems. Inflation, which had already been roaring along at 500%, jumped last month to around 900% on an annual basis.

The Reagan Administration seemed

Major General Hikmat Shehabi, declared that Syria was prepared to dispatch thousands of volunteers to fight the Israeli occupation of southern Lebanon. Thereafter, the Israelis let it be known that they might not leave the areas in which they face Syrian forces after all. That was an apparent effort to press the Syrians to make some tangible concessions on the security question.

In the meantime, U.S. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger arrived for two days of talks with Israeli leaders. On leave-



Peres and Weinberger talk to reporters at the close of the Defense Secretary's two-day visit. Bringing high-technology promises and a desire to "reinvigorate the peace process."

taken aback by the Israelis' claim of a U.S. offer on the debt postponement, which would be in addition to a previously announced U.S. decision to accelerate the payment of \$1.2 billion in economic aid. The Administration insisted that the possibility of a deferral had merely been discussed as one of many courses that might be necessary for Israel if all else failed.

Apart from economic problems, the Israeli Cabinet plans to address itself soon to the question of withdrawing Israeli forces from southern Lebanon. Peres has emphasized that Israel is ready to bring its troops home but would like assurances from Syria that the security of southern Lebanon, and therefore of northern Israel, will be respected. Specifically, he wants a pledge that Syria will not send its own troops to occupy the area the Israelis leave, will bar Palestine Liberation Organization guerrillas from re-entering southern Lebanon, and will allow the area immediately north of the border to be controlled by the largely Christian militia known as the South Lebanon Army, an Israeli ally.

As Syrian President Hafez Assad visited Moscow last week, his Chief of Staff,

ing, he announced that the Administration had decided to grant Israel access to the advanced U.S. technology needed for the Lavi fighter jet, which is expected to become the workhorse of the Israeli air force in the 1990s. He said the U.S. would also consider meeting Israeli requests to buy three diesel submarines and to sell Israeli-made 120-mm mortars and ammunition to the U.S. Army.

Then, declaring that the Administration was eager to "reinvigorate the peace process" and that the time was ripe for initiatives, Weinberger left for an unexpected meeting with Jordan's King Hussein. He went to Jordan partly because Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, whom the Defense Secretary also visited, thought the stop would be useful. Hussein, in turn, had just returned from Iraq, where he had urged President Saddam Hussein to follow Jordan's lead in restoring diplomatic relations with Egypt. Weinberger's optimism about the peace process contrasted with the caution of Secretary of State George Shultz, who said that despite "a lot of motion," there was no reason to believe that any kind of agreement on Lebanon was near. ■

World Notes

THE GULF

Situation: Stalemate

Iran last week announced an offensive against Iraq in the flat wasteland to the east of Baghdad. Iraq announced that the invaders had been driven back. Whatever the real outcome, the battle marked a resumption of a ground war that had been stalled since last February. Nonetheless, the encounter did not seem to be the "final offensive" that Iran's Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini has been threatening to launch for the past eight months.

Iraq does not seem to be in a position to strike a conclusive blow against its enemy. Estimates by the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies suggest that Iraq has reversed an initial Iranian advantage and now leads Iran by more than 6 to 1 in jet fighters, by nearly 5 to 1 in tanks and by almost 4 to 1 in heavy guns. By relentlessly attacking oil tankers in the gulf, Iraq has sharply reduced Iran's petroleum exports, though it has not yet crippled them. Another Iraqi advantage is that its morale these days is at a wartime high. Boasts Major General Maher Abed al Rashid of the Iraqi Third Army: "Let Iran attack with 200,000 or half a million. None will return alive."



Iraqi soldiers at the front

EAST-WEST

The Man Who Came to Bonn



Ceausescu and wife with Kohl

First, East German Communist Party Chief Erich Honecker bowed to Soviet pressure last month and canceled a long-anticipated visit. Less than a week later, Bulgarian President Todor Zhivkov announced that his trip was off as well. After those rebuffs, the West German government of Chancellor Helmut Kohl, which has been seeking closer ties with its Communist bloc neighbors, particularly looked forward to the visit of a third East European leader. The obliging guest was Rumanian President Nicolae Ceausescu, 66, who earlier this year defied Moscow by allowing his country to participate in the Los Angeles Olympics. Said Ceausescu before arriving in Bonn last week: "Precisely through strengthening of contacts, new opportunities can be found... for overcoming the grave situation that exists in international life."

Though a member of the seven-nation Warsaw Pact, Rumania does not permit stationing of Soviet troops or nuclear weapons on its soil. Ceausescu declared that the European countries "bear a special responsibility for peace in Europe." Kohl, however, refused to endorse the visitor's call for opening U.S.-Soviet nuclear arms talks to participation by other countries.

ICELAND

A Nation of Sleep

Schools were closed, giving 45,000 children an unexpected holiday. There were no newspapers, no television broadcasts, no mail deliveries and only intermittent telephone service. With state-operated liquor stores shuttered, restaurant wine and whisky stocks were being drained by thirsty diners. Indeed, as a

strike by 11,000 government and private-sector employees crippled public services in Iceland, supplies of almost everything that makes life interesting on the edge of the Arctic Circle were disappearing faster than icicles in a spring thaw.

The strike against the government of Prime Minister Steingrímur Hermannsson had been called over the issue of wage raises for public workers. Even though Hermannsson's coalition government had managed to reduce inflation from 130% to 13% in 17 months, civil servants, long accustomed to raises indexed to soaring inflation rates, sought 30% increases, while the government offered only 6%. So complete was the ensuing shutdown that government officials had to pitch in to help keep life running. In addition to his higher duties, Chief of Police Sigurjón Sigurdsson stamped passports at Keflavik Airport.

DISPUTES

Islands in the Stream

During a simple ceremony in a small Renaissance palace set in the gardens behind St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, Agostino Cardinal Casaroli, the Vatican Secretary of State, presided as representatives of Argentina and Chile signed copies of a document marking the end of almost six years of mediation and decades of mutual hostility. The dispute involved the Beagle Channel, which lies at the southern tip of South America. The settlement clarifies each country's territorial and water rights in the waterway and recognizes Chilean sovereignty over three main channel islands, as well as seven smaller ones.

Argentina and Chile have been feuding over the channel since 1902. When the Vatican first intervened in 1978, the two neighbors were on the brink of war following the collapse of efforts to mediate the dispute by the U.N. Security Council and the Organization of American States. Argentina will hold a referendum on the Vatican settlement Nov. 25, but the result is not binding on the Argentine Congress, which, along with its rubber-stamp Chilean counterpart, is nonetheless expected to ratify the agreement.

GRENADA

Disorder in the Court

The accused: 19 former government and army officials of Grenada. The charge: murder. Chief among their alleged victims was Maurice Bishop, the leftist Prime Minister who died, along with ten of his followers, on Oct. 19, 1983, precipitating the U.S. invasion of Grenada six days later. Prominent among the defendants are Bernard Coard, 40, and his wife Phyllis, 39. They led an extreme leftist faction within Bishop's government that allegedly sought to wrest control from the popular Marxist leader, presumably with the intention of pursuing even more radical policies after they had gained power.

When the trial opened last week in St. George's, the island's capital, the proceedings were lively indeed. At one point, Phyllis Coard collapsed on the courtroom floor. As four policewomen struggled to lift the defendant, she shouted, "I've been on a hunger strike for six weeks!" Observed the trial judge dryly: "I must say, her voice doesn't sound like an ill person's." Other defendants, when asked to enter their pleas, loudly challenged the tribunal's legitimacy, and several said they refused to be tried while Grenada was under foreign occupation. After 90 tumultuous minutes, the trial was adjourned until next week.



Bernard Coard

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Nobel Prizes

Searching for New Worlds

Honors celebrate eight remarkable achievers

PEACE: PROUD AND SAD



It was only a small courtesy, but it changed the young man's life. One day in a black shantytown near Johannesburg, South Africa, Primary Schoolteacher Des-

mond Mpilo Tutu saw a white man respectfully tip his hat to a black woman.

Tutu had never seen a white make such a gesture. The woman was Tutu's mother; the white was the Rev. Trevor Huddleston, now an Anglican bishop. The priest subsequently befriended the young black, and after Tutu was hospitalized in 1953 for tuberculosis, Huddleston visited him daily for 20 months. Tutu, profoundly impressed, followed his white friend into the clergy, rising rapidly in the Anglican Church in southern Africa and becoming Bishop of Lesotho in 1976. Along the way, Tutu also became a leading voice in the battle against apartheid. His outspoken courage, coupled with the nonviolent nature of his message, last week brought Bishop Tutu, now 53, the 1984 Nobel Peace Prize. "You feel humble, you feel proud, elated and you feel sad," said Tutu in Johannesburg. "One of my greatest sadnesses is that there are many in this country who are not joining in celebrating something that is an honor for this country."

Tutu is a prophet without honor in his own country. The South African government seized his passport in 1981, and he now needs special permission for his numerous speaking trips outside the country. The government, which is elected by the country's 18% white minority, also conducted an investigation into the liberal South African Council of Churches (membership: 13 million), which Tutu has headed since 1978. That inquiry resulted in a verbal public denunciation that charged the feisty preacher and the council with waging "massive psychological warfare" against the government and sympathizing with outlawed liberation

groups such as the Zambia-based African National Congress (A.N.C.).

In his racially torn nation, Tutu walks a tricky tightrope. Although many members of the white establishment look upon him as a dangerous radical, black militants see him as too temperate. Tutu, who rejects government categories and calls himself "detrubalized," says he faces a "rough passage" in pleading with young black audiences for interracial concord and peaceful change. And although Tutu



Tutu and Wife Leah: a leading voice in the battle against apartheid

REFLECTIONS OF A LAUREATE

- It is, I believe, a miracle of God's grace that Blacks still talk to Whites, to any Whites.
- The most awful thing that they can do is to kill me, and death is not the worst thing that could happen to a Christian.
- Apartheid is as evil and as vicious as Nazism and Communism; the Government will fail completely for it is ranging itself on the side of evil, injustice and oppression.

From Tutu's speeches in *Hope and Suffering* (Eerdmans; \$9.95).

does not advocate violence, he warns continually of a coming "bloodbath" if whites do not share power with the black majority. Afrikaners, he notes, praise their own gun-toting forebears but "suddenly become pacifists when it involves black liberation. Blacks don't believe they are introducing violence into the situation. They believe the situation is already violent."

Though two of his four children live in

the U.S., Tutu is embittered over the current U.S. hands-off policy toward South Africa. The black leader advocates political, diplomatic and especially economic pressures from overseas to force whites to negotiate a sharing of power with blacks. But the bishop has never explicitly advocated boycotts or a cutoff of investments, which the A.N.C. last week declared would be a fitting response to Tutu's prize. Nonetheless, Tutu states that "I find what I have seen of capitalism and the free-enterprise system quite morally repulsive."

Born in the western Transvaal, Tutu was forced to drop his dreams of completing medical college when his father, a teacher, ran short of money. After Tutu's teaching years, seminary training, ordination in 1960 and graduate study in England, he taught theology in Lesotho, an independent nation surrounded by South African territory. He returned to England to administer World Council of Churches scholarships, and became South Africa's first black Anglican Dean in 1975. He pointedly spurned Johannesburg's posh suburban deanery to live with the black masses in Soweto.

The bishop, who is currently on a leave to teach at New York City's General Theological Seminary, flew home with his wife Leah last week to celebrate the peace award with friends. He has said he will donate his prize money of about \$195,000 to a scholarship fund for black African youths.

Much of white South Africa reacted grumpily or indifferently to the news of Tutu's award. The Afrikaans daily *Beeld* complained that many of Tutu's "outbursts" make him "an unlikely peace-prize recipient." "The word from the office of State President P.W. Botha: 'No comment.' But in Addis Ababa, the Organization of African Unity said the award is "an urgent reminder to the racist authorities of Pretoria that their inhuman regime is doomed."

Tutu joins an illustrious gallery of human rights activists who were snubbed by their own countries in the past several years after winning the peace prize, including Andrei Sakharov of the Soviet Union, Adolfo Perez Esquivel of predemocratic Argentina and Lech Walesa of Poland. Unlike Sakharov and Walesa, however, Tutu is expected to collect his prize in person in Norway on Dec. 10. —By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg.



Van der Meer, left, and Rubbia: bucking scientific skepticism to snare elusive particles



Merrifield: "peptide synthesis born here"

PHYSICS: BOSONS' BOSSES

Carlo Rubbia was in a Milan cab, en route to Linate Airport last week and worrying about a possible Italian air-traffic controllers' strike. Suddenly the pop music on the taxi's radio was interrupted by a news bulletin: Rubbia and Simon van der Meer, his colleague at CERN, the great European nuclear research complex, had been jointly awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics. At first the taxi driver did not believe his passenger's excited claims to be the man in the news. "But when I convinced him," Rubbia recalls, "he offered me a free ride."

That the physicist learned of his prize in transit was fitting. Known among his friends as "the Alitalia scientist," Rubbia, 50, frequently flies from CERN, located outside Geneva where he does his research, to Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass., where he teaches physics. His relentless energy and aggressive pursuit of ideas are what led to his discovery of three critical subatomic particles, ending a 20-year hunt that involved hundreds of scientists.

Rubbia's find represented a great leap forward in science's attempt to prove the so-called unified field theory, which would link the four forces of nature in a single elegant set of equations. Two of those forces are familiar: electromagnetism, which lights bulbs and makes clothes cling; and gravity, which holds humans to the ground and determines the earth's orbit around the sun. The remaining two are more exotic: the so-called strong force, which binds together the particles in a nucleus; and the weak force, which controls radioactive decay.

Scientists believe that all four forces are manifestations of one fundamental superforce, which split into different forms after the birth of the universe. Some physicists had proposed that electromagnetism and the weak force, for example, might be combined, but their complex theory required the existence of three extremely heavy particles to complete the profile of the weak force: the positive W boson, neg-

ative W boson and Z boson. Rubbia decided to chase them down.

At CERN's four-mile, \$400 million super proton synchrotron, Rubbia devised a method of creating supercollisions among subatomic particles that would, he predicted, produce the carriers of the weak force.

At first nobody believed his proposal, particularly since it would require the conversion of the synchrotron into a particle collider, at a cost of \$55 million. Rubbia's notions, however, had one staunch supporter: Simon van der Meer, a senior engineer at CERN. Van der Meer designed a device critical to the taming of the colliding beams in Rubbia's experiment. In 1979 CERN gave Rubbia and Van der Meer a go-ahead for their project, and by 1983 the three particles had been found.

The flamboyant Rubbia, born in Gorizia, Italy, is certain to enjoy his half of the approximately \$195,000 prize. He owns a yacht and has a hearty appetite, particularly for Italian food. He is impatient with lesser minds than his and is intellectually restless; his current projects range from tracking down the magnetic monopole, another elusive particle, to searching for antimatter.

The Dutch-born Van der Meer, 58, who once worked for Philips Electronics as a research scientist, is the very opposite of Rubbia. He is self-effacing and calm; winning the Nobel does not noticeably excite him, although he admittedly wanted it. Says he: "Let us say that I didn't exclude it, yet I did not dare to hope we'd get it."

—By Natalie Angier, Reported by Robert Kroon/Geneva

CHEMISTRY: MODEL T

In the elevator of Flexner Hall at Rockefeller University in New York City, a hand-lettered sign proudly proclaims: SOLID-PHASE PEPTIDE SYNTHESIS WAS BORN HERE. Twenty-five years ago, Biochemist R. Bruce Merrifield was riding up to the fourth floor with a colleague when he proposed a new method for creating proteins, the essential components of life.

Last week Merrifield, 63, stepped off the same elevator and into the embrace of a laboratory worker who told him that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Chemistry for that idea. Merrifield thus became the only American in 1984 to win a Nobel.

Like Henry Ford, Merrifield gained fame by automating a complex process. Proteins, produced inside living cells, are made of long chains of chemically linked amino acids, which group into units known as peptides. To understand a wide variety of biological processes, scientists must be able to trace the sequence of amino acids in a protein. They must know how to duplicate that sequence to manipulate its components for research. Before Merrifield developed his technique, biologists labored through dozens of painstaking purification procedures, taking months or even years to synthesize a peptide chain.

Merrifield confined his simple process to a single laboratory container. Placing a microscopic polystyrene bead inside the receptacle to act as a solid, inert foundation, he began adding drops of amino acid units, which linked together in the proper order. He washed the growing chain in a purifying solution after adding each chemical, thus avoiding the possible need to remove any part for additional purification, as in past methods. When the protein was complete, acid was used to cleave it from the bead. Though Merrifield's first device, regulated by a metal cylinder studded with pegs, had a touch of Rube Goldberg, it worked like a Model T.

Merrifield's primitive prototype has since been upgraded to computer-controlled models. The technique now synthesizes such complex peptides as ribonuclease, an enzyme needed by cells to decipher the genetic information in DNA. Pharmaceutical companies may soon exploit it to create new drugs, including vaccines and diabetic and heart medications.

A soft-spoken Texan, Merrifield is a graduate of UCLA and the 19th Nobelist to be associated with Rockefeller. He is the



Jerne, left, and Köhler: making sense of the immense system



Milstein: not a bit immodest



Stone: a passion for statistics

father of six children and for a while was the leader of a Boy Scout troop. When not at the lab, he spends his time happily tinkering around his house in Cresskill, N.J. Says he: "I could spend the rest of my life raking leaves." —By Natalie Angier.

Reported by Kenneth W. Banta/New York

MEDICINE: GUIDED MISSILES

The three-page letter was buried deep in the Aug. 7, 1975, issue of the journal *Nature*. It described a method of producing huge quantities of very pure, very precise antibodies, the disease-fighting guided missiles of the immune system. The technique, said Authors César Milstein and Georges Köhler of the Medical Research Council Laboratory in Cambridge, England, "could be valuable for medical and industrial use," although Milstein worried about such conjecture being "immodest."

Nine years later that prediction has proved to be an enormous understatement. Monoclonal antibodies have revolutionized biomedical research and are becoming important weapons in treating and diagnosing disease. It therefore came as no surprise to the scientific community last week when Argentine-born Milstein, 57, and West German Köhler, 38, who is now at the Institute for Immunology in Basel, Switzerland, were given the 1984 Nobel Prize for Medicine. They shared the award with Niels Jerne, 72, founding director of the Basel institute and a pioneer thinker in immunology.

The achievement of Milstein and Köhler was to fuse a tumor cell with a cell that produced a specific antibody. They thus created a hybrid that not only manufactured the antibody but multiplied as rapidly as the cancer cell. The resulting culture served as a miniature factory, churning out the desired antibody. Because every cell in the culture is the original descendant, or clone, of an identical hybrid, the antibody is pure and therefore a precise instrument. Says Milstein: "It allows you to discriminate one molecule from another." Monoclonal antibodies can home in on targets ranging from a

malignant cell to a malaria parasite to a specific structure in the brain. They have already showed promise in treating transplant and cancer patients.

Jerne's contribution to immunology is more fundamental. Born in London to Danish parents, he did not earn his M.D. until age 40, but, as the Nobel Committee observed, he quickly distinguished himself as "the major theoretician in immunology." His great theories explain how the immune system develops and matures and how its component cells are regulated. A modest man, Jerne remains less impressed with his achievement than with the object of his study. "The immune system now seems more complex than when I started out," he said last week. "I am less optimistic that we will ever be able to understand it fully." —By Claudia Wallis.

Reported by Margaret Stueder/Zurich

ECONOMICS: ELEGANT NUMBERS

Although they are now considered essential measures of economic performance, such vital yardsticks as the gross national product and the consumer price index have come into widespread use only in recent decades. During the 1940s economists made rapid strides in their ability to sift through the billions of transactions that make up economic behavior and distill them into key statistics that indicate the state of the economy. Few experts have been more crucial in turning the numerical potpourri into some kind of order than Sir Richard Stone, 71, who last week won the 1984 Alfred Nobel Memorial Prize in Economic Science. A professor emeritus at Cambridge University, Stone is the fourth British economist to receive the award since it was created in 1969, and the first non-American winner since 1979.

Stone worked out his ideas during World War II, and later pioneered a national accounting system that continues to provide a framework for countries around the world. As assistants of John Maynard Keynes, Stone and 1977 Nobel Laureate James Meade helped prepare a wartime

study that organized mountains of data into a profile of the British economy. That herculean task enabled the country's leaders to assess accurately its resources.

After the war, Stone headed a United Nations project that developed a standard accounting model for other countries. Few if any nations had effective methods of summarizing their economic activity. Under Stone's guidance, the U.N. prepared a monumental set of guidelines used today by more than 100 countries, making international comparisons possible. While some economists have argued that the sophisticated system is ill-suited for those underdeveloped countries in which record keeping may be sparse and unreliable, it is still widely followed.

Tall, soft-spoken and described by friends as courteous and modest, Stone collects books and has more than 10,000 volumes. But his deepest interest remains organizing numbers. Says Terence Barker, Stone's successor as head of the Cambridge Growth Project, which has developed a model of the British economy: "He is passionately enthusiastic about economic statistics. All his professional life has been devoted to the measurement of income and wealth, and he is very keen on getting it systematized." Adds George Jasi, director of the U.S. Commerce Department's Bureau of Economic Analysis: "There is a tremendous sense of system to his work, and also tremendous elegance. He was and is a giant."

As an economist, Stone is more interested in laboring in the library than in the spotlight of public-policy making. Says he: "The economists who talk policy are striking figures, not a retiring, backroom boy like me." The new Nobel laureate is somewhat critical of his own profession, maintaining that too many economists today overspecialize and do not know enough history and psychology. "Economists," he says, "propose remedies to government and do not take into account the ability or inability of people to change." —By John Greenwald.

Reported by Lisa Mesdag/Cambridge



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The Pause That Refreshes?

Growth is slowing, but falling interest rates encourage Wall Street

As the presidential election campaign enters its final lap, the economy is waving green and yellow flags, giving the White House cause for both concern and cheer. Government statistics released last week showed that growth is faltering and raised the specter that the U.S. might be headed for a new recession. But at the same time, interest rates dipped, lifting hopes that the recovery will gain new pep. On top of that, Britain cut the price of its North Sea oil by \$1.35 per bbl. to \$28.65, and Nigeria followed with a \$2 reduction to \$28. The breaks in oil prices and interest rates sparked an explosive rally on Wall Street.

Last week's action started when Bankers Trust in New York City cut the prime rate that it charges for business loans from 12.75% to 12.25%. That sent the Dow Jones industrial average up twelve points for the day. On Tuesday most major banks dropped their prime, but only to 12.50%. Wall Street seemed disappointed that no other banks matched Bankers Trust's half-point reduction, and the Dow slipped seven points in two days.

The bulls, it turned out, were only taking a breather. On Thursday the interest rate on federal funds, which reserves that banks lend to one another overnight, fell as low as 9.5% from an average of 10.27% the day before. The financial markets took this drop as a sign that the

Federal Reserve Board, which influences the funds rate through the amount of money it supplies the banking system, was easing monetary policy and would allow the cost of credit to fall. That plus the good news about oil caused bond prices to surge and the stock market to stampede. The Dow jumped nearly 20 points in half an hour, and its gain of 29.49 for the day was the biggest since a rise of 36 on Aug. 3. On Friday trading was again heavy, and the Dow gained a half-point to finish at 1225.93, up 35 for the week.

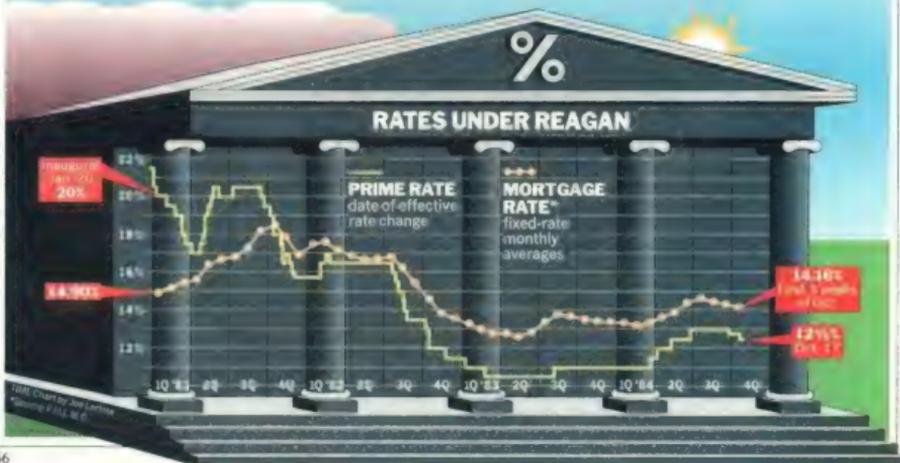
Wall Street's exuberance was ironic in light of other economic news. The Commerce Department announced that the gross national product, after adjustment for inflation, grew at an annual rate of 2.7% in the July-September period, down from the 7.1% pace of the year's second quarter. The drop was slightly larger than expected, but many economists welcomed it in the belief that slower growth will keep inflation from speeding up.

A separate report from the Federal Reserve Board seemed to lend support for Walter Mondale's contention that the U.S. might be moving into a recession. It showed that industrial production declined 6% in September, falling for the first time since the last recession ended in November 1982. Economist James Tobin of Yale University warned that the Federal Reserve should be concerned about a

new downturn. Levy Economic Forecasts of Chappaqua, N.Y., proclaimed that the recession was already here.

Government officials dismissed that gloomy talk. Said Federal Reserve Board Governor Henry Wallich: "I wouldn't take a month or two as an indication of where we're going." Assistant Treasury Secretary Manuel Johnson pointed out that corporate profits are robust, personal income is rising and inflation is moderate. Said he: "I expect the drop in production to be a temporary phenomenon."

Over the past century, expansions have lasted four years on average, and the current recovery has not yet passed its second birthday. Most private forecasters agree that a downturn is not imminent. Said Economist Barry Bosworth of Washington's Brookings Institution: "The private economy is strong enough to ensure that the U.S. will not have a recession soon." Nonetheless, a slowdown in growth is probably inevitable. Many businesses overestimated what their summer sales would be and built up excess inventories. Companies will now moderate their production to get inventories more in line with sales. Data Resources, the Lexington, Mass., consulting firm, predicts that G.N.P. growth will slow to a 1% pace by the middle of 1985, but then pick up again. For all of next year, Data Resources expects growth to average 2.7%.



That is lower than the 4%-to-6% range often achieved in the 1960s and '70s, but many economists think that policymakers should shoot for a slow, steady 3% pace to guard against inflationary pressures.

Perhaps a third of last month's production decline resulted from the one-week strike at General Motors. Though that dispute was settled, a walkout last week by GM's Canadian workers poses a new threat. Because vital parts of several GM cars are made in Canada, the strike could lead to a shutdown of some of the company's U.S. factories.

The health of the housing industry is particularly crucial to a continued economic expansion. Like the prime rate on business loans, the cost of mortgages is starting to ease a bit. The average interest charge on fixed-rated mortgages has fallen to 14.16%, down from a July peak of 14.67%. That decline has encouraged homebuilders to put more hammers and saws to work. Housing starts in September were up 8.9% from

and his six colleagues on the Federal Reserve Board. As always, they will try to strike a balance between promoting growth and keeping inflation from accelerating. Many economists are confident that Volcker will let interest rates continue to fall if the economy shows further signs of slipping into a downturn.

Volcker will have the leeway to drop rates if inflation stays moderate, which seems likely. In addition to falling oil prices, another encouraging sign is the restraint shown this year by labor unions. The United Mine Workers agreed to a 12% wage and benefit increase over 40 months, far less than the 37.5% hike they reaped from their previous contract. Bernstein's Levine predicts that the consumer price index will climb only 3.2% in 1985, after a 3.9% increase this year.

The main danger on the inflation front is that the decline in interest rates could make U.S. investments less attractive to foreigners and send the lofty dollar

Market Politics

While keeping watch on interest rates, Wall Street is also sensitive to the winds of politics. For the past two decades the financial markets have followed a pattern: stocks rise in a presidential election year. The increases range from 17.9% in 1976, when Jimmy Carter was elected, to 4.3% in 1968, when Richard Nixon won his first term.

So far at least, this election year has been a different story. Despite rallies last week and in the summer, stocks are down for 1984. At its close last week, the Dow Jones industrial average was 32.71 points below its 1258.64 level at the end of 1983. The performance is ironic because Ronald Reagan, Wall Street's favored candidate, has been way ahead of Walter Mondale, despite some recent gains by the Democrat. Wall Streeters say that if Mondale were in front, the market would be doing much worse. Investors are leery of his plans to reduce the federal deficit by raising taxes, particularly on high-income households.

Regardless of who wins, the market can look forward to another lift right after the election, according to Gerald Hobbs and William Riley, professors of statistics and finance at West Virginia University. In a study of election-time stock behavior since 1900, they found that the market usually rises in the days just after the presidential voting. Their explanation: the uncertainty of the campaign is over. That temporary spurt generally lasts longer if the Republican candidate wins. Should investors want to rely on historical patterns, counsel Hobbs and Riley, they should sell on the 27th day after a Reagan victory, but only three days after a Mondale upset.

In the year after an election, the market usually reverses course and does better for Democratic Presidents than Republican ones. No Republican President since Calvin Coolidge in 1925 has enjoyed a stock rise in the year after being elected or re-elected. Democratic winners, in contrast, have experienced five up years immediately after elections and only three downers. The apparent reason for the difference is that Republicans have tended to restrain Government spending and thus slow the economy, while Democrats have often pursued expansionary policies.

By that historical precedent, the market will go down next year if Reagan is re-elected. But sellers, alas, need to know about another omen: in every year ending in 5 during this century, from 1905 to 1975, stocks have gone up, no matter which party was in power.



Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker will try to light up the recovery and still douse inflation

their sluggish pace of the month before.

Economists are divided over which way interest rates will go. Since the Reagan Administration came to office, the prime rate has gone from a high of 20% to a low of 10.5%, while mortgage rates during his term reached 18.5% and hit a bottom of 12.6%. David Levine of the Sanford C. Bernstein investment firm in New York City thinks that a slowing economy will curb credit demands. As a result, he forecasts, the prime rate could fall to 9.5% by next June. In contrast, Irwin Kellner, chief economist of New York's Manufacturers Hanover Trust, fears that rates are headed the other way. Reason: the Federal Government will be borrowing heavily to cover its budget deficit, which will be at least \$165 billion in the fiscal year that began this month. The prime rate may edge slightly lower, Kellner said, but will rebound to 14% by next spring.

The direction of interest rates will depend in large part on the monetary policies pursued by Chairman Paul Volcker

into a sharp dive. A cheaper currency would make imports more expensive and thus fuel inflation. That in turn would make it more difficult for the Federal Reserve to keep lowering interest rates.

The dollar gyrated last week in jittery foreign exchange markets. At first it hit new peaks against the West German mark, Japanese yen and French franc, but as U.S. interest rates fell, the dollar began to drop. On Thursday and Friday it declined 2% against the mark and franc and 1% against the yen.

Wall Street seems convinced, for the moment at least, that the economy is headed for a period of slow, steady growth with low inflation and declining interest rates. Some economists are not so sure. It may not be clear until 1985 whether the slowdown is the pause that refreshes or the beginning of a new bout of economic sluggishness.

—By Charles P. Alexander, Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Christopher Rodman/Washington

Oil Exporters on a Slippery Slope

Bargain-basement rivals push OPEC toward another price cut

The markdown mania took off as suddenly as a price war on computers or toasters. But the merchandise that went on sale was crude oil. Early last week Norway's state oil company triggered a chain reaction among petroleum exporters by offering its \$30-per-bbl. North Sea crude for \$28.50. Two days later Britain, a much larger producer, followed suit with a \$1.35 cut on its Brent crude, to \$28.65. For oil exporters the events were ominously familiar. When Norway and Britain officially discounted their oil in February 1983, the move forced the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries to make its first price cut in history, a \$5-per-bbl. markdown, to

dent of the Petroleum Industry Research Foundation. "In the next few days we will find out what OPEC is made of." Most oil-industry insiders believe, though, that the group will try to avoid cutting its price, at least by much. Their shared interest in keeping world petroleum prices stable will help resolve many disagreements. "They have held together in very troubled times," says a Western petroleum expert in the Persian Gulf. "So I think that you will not see the collapse of OPEC and a wild price war."

Taken alone, last week's price cuts will have little impact on fuel prices in the U.S. But if they force OPEC to cut its benchmark Arab Light by about \$1.50, to

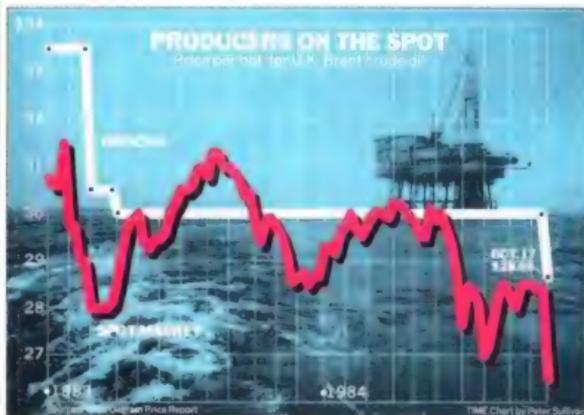
reach back to midsummer. Buyers started balking at official prices at a time of continuing glut. The Saudis helped restore temporary calm by keeping their production low. As an added measure, Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the Saudi Arabian Oil Minister, jettied around the globe to such non-OPEC countries as Egypt, Malaysia and Mexico, urging those governments to restrain from giving discounts or increasing production.

Britain decided to cut prices on long-term contracts last week because its own oil and similar varieties like Nigeria's Bonny Light were selling for discounts of at least \$2 on the spot market, where prices float according to market conditions. As a result, producers were having trouble signing up steady customers. Said a Japanese buyer in the Persian Gulf: "We prefer reliable, long-term contracts to buying on spot, but the price difference is too big for us to pass up." In July the Japanese bought 25% of their oil on the spot market, compared with 9% in 1982.

An ironic reason for the slack demand for so-called sweet crude like Britain's Brent light is that its quality is too high. Traditionally, refiners were willing to pay a premium for light, low-sulfur crude, which is used primarily to make gasoline. But refiners in the past year have improved their technology so that they use more of the less expensive, heavy crude. Thus the so-called sour oil is getting a larger share of the market, and its price has been holding firmer. In the past few weeks Saudi Arabia has boosted its exports of heavy crude, which it sells for as little as \$26 per bbl.

The pricing problems between light and heavy crude come at a time when the oil industry is just recovering from two years of massive oversupply, caused largely by conservation measures and the global economic slump. Total oil consumption is expected to increase about 3% this year over 1983, thanks partly to strong growth in the U.S. and Japan. But that pace is too slow to satisfy OPEC members, which are currently producing slightly less than their self-imposed quota of 17.5 million bbl. per day, only half their capacity. As a result, OPEC countries such as Libya and Iran have been quietly undercutting official prices to keep sales steady. "They're showing an inability to handle a moderately growing pie," says Arnold Safer, president of the Energy Futures Group consulting firm. "When there are a few more goodies to share, they fall apart."

When OPEC ministers meet in Geneva, they will have four basic choices: cut production, cut prices, adjust prices between light and heavy crude, or do nothing while hoping demand will pick up soon. It will be extremely difficult for them to decide which members should cut back output and by how much. All the countries want to keep production up in order to keep money flowing in. Iran and Iraq have a four-year-long war to finance.



\$29 for the benchmark Arab Light crude.

The new round of discounting threatened to push the 13 members of OPEC toward a second painful price cut. The countries immediately made plans for an emergency meeting next week in Geneva, where they hoped to devise a plan for holding the line on prices. But almost immediately after the meeting was announced, a member broke ranks. Nigeria, one of the poorest OPEC countries, cut the price of its Bonny Light crude by \$2, to \$28, in order to prevent a decline in sales. Nigerian Oil Minister Tam David-West said the country had to place its own economic health on a higher priority than its loyalty to OPEC.

Nigeria's decision made it more likely that other restless members, like Abu Dhabi, will tear away, possibly leading to anarchy among OPEC members and a sharp slide in oil prices. "This has got to panic every oil-producing nation," says Lawrence Goldstein, executive vice presi-

\$27.50, gasoline prices in the U.S. could fall by about 3¢ per gal. Lower energy prices would spark more economic growth. But a fall in oil revenue would aggravate the problems of such countries as Mexico and Venezuela, which depend largely on oil income to pay their enormous foreign debts. Their trouble could extend to the dozens of U.S. banks that hold Latin American loans.

The economic impact last week in Britain was sharp and swift. The \$1.35-per-bbl. price cut will diminish the government's \$13 billion annual oil revenues by about 5%. On the day of the announcement, the British pound fell to a record low of \$1.19. Shaken by the skidding currency and a possible worsening of the country's coal miners' strike, traders on the London Stock Exchange sent the *Financial Times* industrial share index to its steepest one-day loss in history.

The origins of last week's oil slide

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Economy & Business

Venezuela and Nigeria owe large debts to Western bankers. Reducing the official price from \$29 to compete with Britain could start an all-out skirmish with non-OPEC producers. "The system is so inherently unstable," says William Randol, an industry analyst for the First Boston investment firm. "that the slightest slip can lead to another crisis."

Most experts say that because consumption is gradually rising, the OPEC countries should simply stand by their prices. "If OPEC just sits tight this time, it will probably come through," said an international oil analyst in Paris. "The market is looking for a psychological boost, and it's in OPEC's interest to provide one." Moreover, the timing of OPEC's current crisis, at the beginning of the cold-weather season, puts the group at a better advantage than at its last trial, which occurred at winter's end.

Nonetheless, other authorities maintain that the OPEC benchmark will have to come down at least \$1.50, particularly since Nigeria is selling on the cheap. The true market price of oil, if all producers exported at will, would be about \$20 per bbl., and OPEC must at least partially close the gap between that price and the official \$29 level. Said Safer: "My guess is, the OPEC countries will come to their senses." In a speech to a gathering of energy experts in London, Energy Secretary Donald Hodel predicted last week that world prices could fall to \$25 per bbl.

That kind of drop would be very good news to homeowners as the weather gets colder. Last winter the price of home heating oil jumped by about 10¢ per gal. in two months, to \$1.17, when a series of cold snaps hit the U.S. But if this winter is normal, a decline in crude prices of \$1.50 could bring a 3¢ drop in heating oil, to \$1.02 per gal. Heating-oil users are also benefiting from the fuel's competition with natural gas, which currently is in abundant supply in the U.S. Possibly adding to the gas glut is the Canadian government's decision in July to stimulate exports. Last week a leading exporter, Pan-Alberta Gas, announced that it would reduce prices to some U.S. utilities by as much as 30%.

Because of the approaching heating season in much of the Northern Hemisphere, demand for oil would normally be high this month. Yet many are putting off their purchases in the hope that prices will fall even further. Supplies in the U.S. are low and getting lower. Last month oil imports to the U.S. fell 9.6% from a year earlier. Stockpiles in Western countries equal only 94 days of consumption, the lowest for the month of October since 1979. As soon as oil companies begin topping off their tanks for the winter, prices may snap back. Said a confidant Mani Said al-Oteiba, Oil Minister of the United Arab Emirates: "It's a matter of weeks." —By Stephen Noopp.

Reported by Barry Hillenbrand/Bahrain and Lawrence Malkin/Paris

Border Skirmish

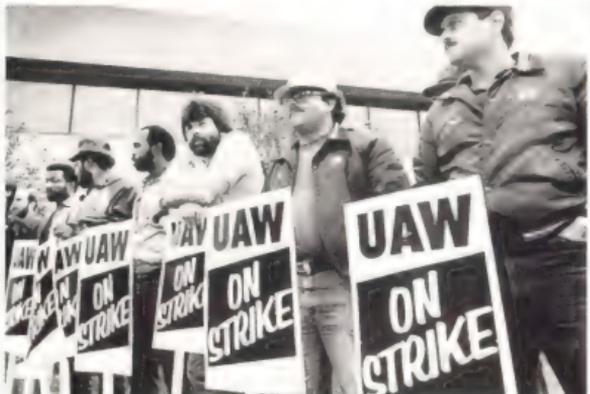
Canadian autoworkers strike

The Canadian auto industry is virtually the mirror image of its larger U.S. counterpart, with plants stretching along the Great Lakes from Windsor, Ont., to Montreal. They are owned by Detroit's Big Four automakers, and 80% of the cars built go to the U.S. The auto-manufacturing operations of the two countries have long been operating together like a piston and a crankshaft.

Last week that close partnership came undone. Even as the United Automobile Workers union was celebrating the successful end of contract negotiations with the Ford Motor Co. and the ratification of another agreement with General

pinched. Automobile production has been one of the economic bright spots in a country with 11¼% unemployment and a currency that has lost 13% of its U.S. dollar value since 1980. A strike that lasts 2½ months could cost Canada \$1.5 billion and wipe out its current trade surplus.

In prior years, Canadian autoworkers have usually gone along with the U.S. contracts. This time the goals of the two countries' workers are very different. U.S. employees, concerned about production's shifting to nonunion plants overseas, gave up their customary wage demands in exchange for job-security guarantees. But no Canadian auto plants have been closed, and no Canadian GM workers are on lay-off. Robert White, the aggressive head of the Canadian U.A.W., has let it be known that his members do not want the profit sharing or lump-sum payments that are part of the just approved U.S. agreement.



Pickets outside GM's Windsor, Ont., transmission plant: wages, not job security, are the issue

Motors, its Canadian branch went on strike against GM. Blue-and-white picket signs went up in front of the Windsor transmission plant, just a short drive from GM's Detroit headquarters, as workers shut down all 13 Canadian GM plants.

So intertwined are the operations in the U.S. and Canada that the 36,500 Canadian GM workers can disrupt production throughout the GM system in both countries. The Windsor trim plant, for instance, produces seat backs, seat cushions and sun visors for every domestic GM assembly plant. Since GM, like other automakers, has adopted new materials-handling techniques that keep inventories low, it could run out of vital parts in just a few days. Even worse, its dealers in both the U.S. and Canada could find themselves quickly short of new models, in part because new-car stocks are still depleted by the seven-day U.A.W. walkout in the U.S. a month ago.

The Canadian economy will also be

In addition, he claims that Canadian labor costs are \$7.50 an hour less than the \$22.50 an hour that GM pays in the U.S., because of the shrunken value of the Canadian dollar and the fact that the Canadian government picks up most health-care costs. As a result, White argues, GM can afford a richer settlement in Canada than in the U.S.

As the week drew to an end, bargaining on a new contract continued at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. For GM, time is critical. Production has been halted on three Pontiac models produced solely in Canada: the 6000, Grand Prix and Bonneville. GM contends that Canadian-made parts are already in short supply at nine U.S. assembly plants, and shutdowns in those operations could come as early as this week. For want of a sun visor, a whole car can be lost, and the strike may soon begin costing GM \$30 million a week. —By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Paul A. Wittman/Windsor

Getting to know some of your skin's

WORST enemies

1 Exposure

Pollution leaves harsh chemicals on your skin. And excessive sun, wind, or temperature extremes can conspire to rob your skin of its fluids. So you get that weathered look. That's why skin needs daily replenishment.



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4 Stress

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You have a real hand in deciding how young you look. Observe yourself. When you cleanse or apply cosmetics, how do you handle your face? Train your hands to be delicate, and move upward, outward, and in a clockwise direction. Pulling down, or too much rubbing is bad. When you massage Oil of Olay on your cheeks, do it in clockwise circles. And apply it to your throat and neck in upward motions.



6 Your Body Clock

Changes your body undergoes each month can affect the beauty of your skin. The balance of hormones called estrogens and progesterones is constantly shifting. And this "ticking" of your body's clock can cause water retention, puffiness, blemishes, and changes in skin's moisture and production of essential oils.



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If your furnace or boiler is 10 years old or more, chances are you have a gas guzzler in your basement. Older models produce only about 60% or so of the heat available in the natural gas that goes into them. That's costing you money. And wasting gas.

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If you need some help purchasing your new high efficiency furnace or boiler, NI-Gas offers two replacement incentive programs: low cost financing, or a \$100 conservation credit on your gas bill. They're available only through dealers, so see your local heating dealer for details.

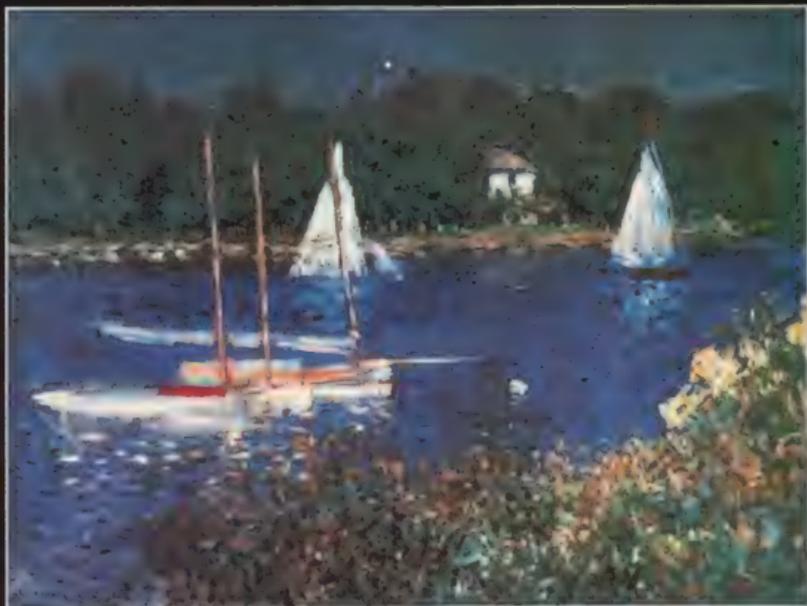
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Claude Monet, *Le Bassin d'Argenteuil*, 1874, Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence. Gift of Mrs. Murray S. Dunforth.

A Day in the Country

Impressionism and the French Landscape

The Art Institute of Chicago
October 23, 1984—January 6, 1985

The Grand Palais, Paris
February 8—April 22, 1985

This exhibition has been organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art in collaboration with The Art Institute of Chicago and the Réunion des Musées Nationaux, Paris. The exhibition and catalog are funded by a grant from the IBM Corporation. Additional support has been received from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Association Française d'Action Artistique (Ministère des Relations Extérieures), the California Arts Council, and an indemnity from the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities. The exhibition is a part of the Olympic Arts Festival of the 1984 Olympic Games, sponsored by the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee through the support of The Times Mirror Company. The Consolidated Foods Foundation has made a generous grant to support the Chicago presentation.

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Business Notes

FRAUDS

Shedding Light on Black Funds

Italy's giant complex for state ownership called the Institute for Industrial Reconstruction covers nearly half the country's manufacturing output—1,200 companies and 500,000 workers. But I.R.I. cannot control its top executives. At dawn one day last week in Rome, two former I.R.I. officials were arrested on charges of false financial disclosure and embezzling \$125.4 million from state-owned companies.

Held were Fausto Calabria, 62, now chairman of Mediobanca, Italy's most powerful merchant bank, and Sergio De Amicis, 66, former president of Condotte, the state-controlled construction firm. Police said that between 1972 and 1982, when the two held top positions at I.R.I., they built up a cache of so-called black funds. This essentially loose corporate change can be spent at the discretion of top officials as bribes to gain foreign contracts, as political contributions or simply as untaxed executive bonuses. What happened to the I.R.I. money last week was a mystery. A total of \$26 million was found by police later in the week in four Milan bank safe-deposit boxes, but the rest is still missing. The incident fueled government critics, who called for an investigation of I.R.I. and its methods.

FISHING

Jumbo Disaster for Shrimpers

In a good autumn week, a commercial fisherman trawling for shrimp along the Atlantic Coast off Georgia or the Carolinas can usually bring in a catch of about 1,200 lbs. But this season is a disaster because the crop was killed off by a cold snap in December. Last week the nets were pulling in a disappointing 500 lbs. or less. For hundreds of fishermen in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida who make their living from shrimp the dismal catch has brought severe financial strains. Many fear foreclosure on their boats and homes. Says Leonard Crosby, president of the Bryan County (Ga.) Fishermen's Cooperative: "It's the worst I've seen in my 16 years as a fisherman."

The Government has declared the Georgia and South Carolina coastal region an economic disaster area, which will give the fishermen a chance to obtain low-interest loans. The price of shrimp for consumers, however, is not likely to rise by much. In fact, the wholesale price has plummeted 40% in the past year to about \$4 per lb. because of good catches in Texas and Louisiana and increased imports from as far away as Thailand.

ENTREPRENEURS

Foreground Music, Please

Muzak and other forms of background music have been a part of the American office scene for a half-century, partly in the belief that music soothes people into working more efficiently. But all of it sounds pretty much alike, and some of it, in fact, can lull people to sleep. Now two Washington State entrepreneurs, Michael Malone and Mark Torrance, have selected different kinds of music for different kinds of situations. They call it foreground music. Malone's firm, Audio Environments of Seattle, this year expects sales of \$15 million.

Currently there are 16,000 Audio Environments clients, in-

cluding dentists, the U.S. Navy's submarine fleet, clothing stores, Howard Johnson's restaurants and 26 airlines. For a monthly fee of \$45, an establishment can choose music that varies to fit desired moods: peppy during a frantic rush-hour lunch, distracting during a dental procedure or tranquil when customers should linger, as in a boutique. The fare ranges from Bach to rock. Says Malone: "If the right music is playing, it supports fantasy, with the person buying the outfit or wanting to come back to the store." Or maybe even back to the dentist. Many of them are, it seems. Malone says his business is growing 40% annually.

AUTOMOBILES

The Limo for James Bond

In the 1964 spy film *Goldfinger*, James Bond chased villains and beautiful women in an Aston Martin DB-5 sports car equipped with such extras as an ejection seat, machine guns and a bullet-proof windshield. Now Aston Martin Lagonda is introducing a vehicle that an older Bond could love. In Birmingham, England, last week, the firm unveiled its Tickford Lagonda limousine, an auto that will have a thrill-seeking top speed of 140 m.p.h. With a base price of \$120,000 that can rise to more than \$150,000 when video, stereo and picnic-table options are added, the car will be one of the world's most expensive.

A joint venture of Aston Martin Lagonda and Tickford, a design-and-engineering company, the limo is a stretch version of a Tickford Lagonda sedan. Aston Martin Spokesman Graham Butterworth says the new car is for the "person who wants the most expensive, absolute ultimate status symbol." The company seems to believe that such buyers will be rare. It plans to manufacture just twelve Tickford Lagonda cars a year. Last week the firm had several serious inquiries and one solid buyer.

CURRENCY

A Colorful Look and a New Feel

For 25 years the face of Shotoku, the prince of sagely virtue who drafted Japan's first constitution more than a dozen centuries ago, has calmly but sternly graced Japanese bank notes. But the prince is being deposed. On Nov. 1, he will be replaced on 10,000 yen notes (about \$40) by a more modern figure, Yukichi Fukuzawa, an important figure in the Westernization of Japan in the 19th century. On 5,000 yen bills, where Shotoku had also ruled, goes Inazo Nitobe, an official in the old League of Nations. The new face on a 1,000 yen note is that of a newspaperman and novelist, Soseki Natsume, who died in 1916.

The current bank notes were around for so long they had become an easy target for counterfeiters. The new ones will be tougher to fake. They each have a spray of colors, 15 for the 10,000 yen note alone, and larger watermarks. For the blind, they will bear their value in braille. One problem with the new bills is that vending machines, where the Japanese buy everything from railroad tickets to whisky, will have to be converted to accept the new currency.



Victims of the big chill

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



"The absolute ultimate status symbol"



An old yen note, top, and the new

Press

Days of Judgment for CBS

Westmoreland's side marshals some facts and figures

Walt Rostow, an archetype of the best and the brightest, spoke slowly and carefully, recalling in vivid detail a meeting that took place in April 1967. General William Westmoreland, then commander of U.S. armed forces in Viet Nam, had asked for 200,000 more troops. President Lyndon Johnson and top aides pressed for a date by which the American forces would win. As jurors in a Manhattan federal courtroom listened intently, the former National Security Adviser said he had no recollection of Westmoreland's having offered misleadingly hopeful

misled his superiors, including the President, about the size and scope of enemy troop strength, and thus about the success of his war of attrition.

Westmoreland contends that what CBS portrayed as a conspiracy was in reality a legitimate and widely understood debate about how to evaluate the impact of part-time, often untrained, guerrilla opponents. He charges that CBS News Producer George Crile and Correspondent Mike Wallace willfully ignored evidence that supported him. To bolster his attack, Westmoreland's attorney Dan Burt summoned as witnesses both Rostow, who had given a three-hour interview to CBS that was left on the cutting-room floor, and former Special Ambassador Robert Komer, who was not even questioned by the CBS producers.

Rostow, who was characterized by Author David Halberstam in *The Best and the Brightest* as a "cheerleader" for the military effort, said that Johnson had been well aware of disputes among military factions and the CIA over how to count "self-defense" and "secret self-defense" forces. These fighters, who operated, respectively, in enemy- and U.S.-held territory, laid traps and took potshots but were not part of regular combat units. Komer, who was known to Viet Nam-era journalists as Blow Torch for his high-powered manner, was asked by CBS Attorney David Boies whether these forces were armed. Komer laughed. "We never could find these people," he said, "much less determine whether they were armed." Responding to CBS charges that Westmoreland and others had felt pressure to produce upbeat troop-level estimates, Komer added, "At no time did anyone ever give me an order with regard to ceilings or preconceived limits."

The alleged "numbers game" over troop strength is, CBS claims, of more than theoretical significance; it purportedly left the American public psychologically unprepared for the severity of the January 1968 Tet offensive. Although the enemy suffered huge losses in battle, the onslaught was a watershed in turning U.S. public opinion against the war. But the cause and effect suggested by CBS are rejected by former Washington Post Reporter Peter Braestrup, whose *Big Story* is considered a definitive book on the attack. Braestrup said in an interview last week: "The number that the Government used in late 1967 to show progress was not the enemy troop strength but the percentage of the country that was said to be under our control."

Despite the import of the issues, much of the testimony was so technical and ab-

stract that Leval broke with customary procedure to let the jurors take notes. Still there were flashes of theatrics last week between the feisty, voluble Burt and the patrician Boies. At one point, Burt asked Komer a question, and as Boies rose to object, Komer answered it loudly and firmly. "Too late now," Leval dryly observed.

Because Westmoreland is presenting his side first, the testimony so far has been dominated by challenges to CBS. But Boies scored in cross-examination. He produced a March 1967 cable from Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Earl Wheeler counseling Westmoreland to keep secret some intelligence figures because if leaked, "they will literally blow the lid off Washington." When Rostow asserted that Westmoreland had not told Johnson that the war had reached a "crossover



Komer: more hot blasts from Blow Torch



Rostow: back up off the cutting-room floor

"good news." The exchange was subdued but freighted with drama. This was no memoir, no scholarly retrospective. It was the first testimony, by one of the architects of America's longest and costliest war, in what may prove to be the most celebrated libel case in U.S. history. Westmoreland's \$120 million suit against CBS News. After almost three years of cross-fire in the court of public opinion, the battle is under way in a court of law.

Westmoreland's suit has aroused expectations of a definitive judgment on issues ranging from the adversary role of the press to the apportionment of blame for the U.S. failure in Viet Nam. Federal District Judge Pierre Leval, however, emphasized to jurors last week that they will be asked to decide specific matters of fact. A "historical inquiry," Leval warned, could last a lifetime. Instead, the focus is on what CBS alleged in its 1982 documentary *The Uncounted Enemy*: that Westmoreland engaged in "a conspiracy at the highest levels of military intelligence" to

point"—in which enemy troops were being killed faster than they could be replaced—Boies introduced Government documents to contradict him. Later CBS publicists distributed extracts from Westmoreland's interview for the show, in which he acknowledged that he had claimed to have reached a crossover.

The burden of proof is on Westmoreland. The network is under no legal obligation to demonstrate that its charges were true. Moreover, Westmoreland must prove that CBS either knew the charges were false or aired them in reckless disregard of whether they were. In a case replete with ironies, perhaps foremost is that the evidence the jury will consider may outweigh the reporting that went into the documentary. With months of testimony to come, CBS attorneys estimate that the network and its accuser have each already spent nearly ten times the original \$250,000 cost of producing *The Uncounted Enemy*. —By William A. Henry III, Reported by John F. Stacks/New York



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Law

More Muscle for Crime Fighters

A new federal code tilts toward the Government

Historic. "Far reaching." "Long overdue." From Attorney General William French Smith to liberal Senator Edward Kennedy to conservative Senator Strom Thurmond, Washington lawmakers and law enforcers were hauling out the superlatives in praise of the Comprehensive Crime Control Act of 1984, which was passed just before Congress adjourned. Last week, as federal prosecutors, defense attorneys and judges across the country began implementing the 635-page law, its backers and critics agreed on one thing. As New York Federal Prosecutor Rudolph Giuliani put it, "In each area of the bill, there is a slight shift in favor of the Government and away from the criminal defendant."

The most comprehensive overhaul ever of the federal criminal code, the act had a tortuous legislative history from the time that some of its provisions were first sponsored by Kennedy a decade ago. The bill, which was unexpectedly attached to the fiscal 1985 funding resolution by Republicans eager to campaign on it, went into effect with the President's signature ten days ago. At first reading, some civil libertarians were concerned about infringements of constitutional guarantees. At the same time, criminal-law experts doubted that the act would have as much impact on the crime rate as its advocates claim, since 95% of violent crime is prosecuted under state jurisdiction. The act's most significant provisions:

► **Sentencing.** In the largest change, the measure mandates the establishment of a system of guidelines for judges to use in imposing sentences. To eliminate disparities in punishment for the same crimes—and to dismantle the present parole system—a seven-member commission will set up a grading system for crimes, assigning penalties according to seriousness. Judges will be required to explain in writing any departure from the sentencing guidelines, while both prosecutors and defendants will be entitled to appeal sentences that depart from the standard. After a five-year period, parole will be phased out entirely. Under current law, 80% of criminals are paroled after serving one-third of their sentences. In the future, good behavior can earn only a 15% reduction of a sentence. U.S. Attorney Robert Bonner of Los Angeles hails the provision as a kind of truth-in-packaging measure for federal courts. "Now a sentence will mean what it says," he argues. "Before this, a life sentence really meant ten years, with time off for good behavior." The commissioners, who are to

be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, will submit their recommendations within 18 months.

► **Bail.** For the first time in history, federal judges may now detain before trial repeat offenders or those accused of certain major crimes if they are deemed "dangerous" to the community. In the past, high bail was used to achieve the same result, but some kind of bail had to be granted unless there was reason to believe that the defendant would flee. Advocates of the change note that three-fifths of the states and the District of Columbia already al-



low detention on similar grounds, and that its aim is to protect a public outraged by crimes committed by accused criminals while on release. Some civil libertarians worry about a different sort of impact. Contends Michael Hauptman, an Atlanta attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union: "It changes the fundamental code from innocent until proven guilty to guilty until proven innocent." The law does bar judges from jailing defendants merely because they cannot raise or afford bail.

► **Insanity.** The new rule is a direct response to the John Hinckley case; it restricts the use of insanity as a defense to individuals who are unable to understand the nature and wrongfulness of their acts. Mere "lack of control" because of mental disability will no longer be allowed as a defense. The clause revises at least a century of legal precedent by shifting the burden of proof from the prosecutor, who formerly had to prove that the defendant was not insane, to the defendant, who

now must prove that he is. Despite the popular debate on this subject, experts agree that the insanity defense, new or old, is of little practical significance. "This involves less than 1% of cases—a tiny fraction of folks," says Dr. Thomas Guthrie of the Massachusetts Mental Health Center. But the issue has greater resonance. Says Notre Dame Law Professor G. Robert Blakey: "The definition of insanity is symbolically important because it is a definition of criminal responsibility. The liberals tend to say that the criminal is mad, the conservatives that he is bad." In short, the new code tilts federal law toward the moral, rather than the medical, model of criminal behavior.

Several other provisions in the bill also expand the government's law-enforcement power. One makes it easier for officials to seize profits and assets, including real estate, that are used in organized crime enterprises like drug trafficking. To encourage state and local agencies to participate in investigations, the bill allows them to share in the forfeiture proceeds. Another weapon in the fight against drug trafficking will be a new, high-level interagency council, chaired by the Attorney General, to coordinate federal drug-enforcement agencies. For crime victims, the bill establishes a fund of up to \$100 million, financed through fines, penalties and forfeited bail bonds, for distribution to states with crime-victim compensation programs. In an extension of U.S. authority that many local prosecutors oppose, the bill makes murder-for-hire and crimes in aid of racketeering federal offenses. It also brings many credit card and computer-related offenses under federal jurisdiction.

The bill's authors hope that their reforms will filter down to the state level. Notes California Republican Dan Lungren, a House Judiciary Committee member: "The states take their cues from the Federal Government. This is an example for them to follow." Skeptics like Federal Judge Jack Weinstein of Brooklyn warn that unless the Government increases its crime prevention and prison resources, the act will amount to no more than a "public relations operation that will have no practical effect whatsoever." Still, much of the federal code has been rationalized, and even a few liberal reforms have crept in (attorneys representing indigents will have their fees doubled). Even if it fails to cause a drop in the crime rate as promised, the bill represents a continuing shift in sensibility about the law. That shift, which is reflected not only in public opinion but in the pattern of Supreme Court decisions as well, favors the rights of the public over those of the criminal.

—By Richard Stengel.

Reported by Anne Constable/Washington, with other bureaus

Religion

More Scriptures Without Sexism

An ecumenical committee reworks 313 Bible passages

To feminist critics of Holy Scripture, there is something grievously wrong with the beginning of the *Twenty-Third Psalm* in traditional translation. "The LORD is my shepherd" has a distinctly male aura to it. Far better, say the critics, to render David's words in a neutral way: "God is my shepherd." Similarly, sexism is allegedly rampant in the commandment given to Moses, "You shall not covet your neighbor's wife." Fairness would dictate an even-handed condemnation by adding "or husband."

These are just two examples from a new antisexist rendering of hundreds of widely known biblical texts that was issued last week by the National Council of Churches.* The aim of the balanced (six men, six women) committee that prepared the translations was to rid Holy Writ of the "male bias" that supposedly runs through both the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures and subsequent English translations. This means expunging any references to a male God, such as "the Lord," "the Father" and masculine pronouns like "he." Says Committee Member the Rev. Sharon Ringe of the Methodist Theological School in Delaware, Ohio: "Much hurt is caused by oppressive speech."

The N.C.C. book is the second installment of a three-part revision of Bible readings for Christian worship, known as a lectionary. The suggested readings, billed as "provisional, experimental and responsible," are based on the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, which will have its own, considerably less radical, degenerated language in a forthcoming edition.

The first of these experimental readings was greeted warmly a year ago by

*An Inclusive-Language Lectionary: Readings for Year B (John Knox, Pilgrim and Westminster Presses, \$9.95)



Moses with the Ten Commandments on Sinai

feminists but drew catcalls from many scholars and admirers of the traditional language of the Bible. At a noisy N.C.C. board meeting last November, conservatives failed to force the council to disown the project. The new selection of 313 readings—covering 62 of the 150 Psalms and 42 other books—makes no concessions to the critics.

As it did last October, the committee uses brackets to denote inserted words that do not occur in the actual text of the Bible. Beyond that, the committee has banished some passages now deemed offensive, such as Paul's teaching on marriage in *Ephesians 5* ("Wives, be subject to your husbands, as to the Lord"). The committee excised verses from *1 Corinthians 6* in which Paul assails Christian men who

use prostitutes, presumably because women are portrayed as sex objects.

Jews may be interested in the version of their central confession of faith from *Deuteronomy* (known as the *Sh'ma*) as Jesus recites it in *Mark*: "Hear, O Israel: The Sovereign our God, the Sovereign is one." In *Acts 3*, in the interests of domestic balance, the customary list of Hebrew patriarchs is augmented by the names of their wives: "The God of Abraham [and Sarah], of Isaac [and Rebekah], of Jacob, [Leah and Rachel]."

The readings translate "Kingdom of God" as "realm of God." God as the familiar "King of Glory" of *Psalm 24* becomes the "Glorious Ruler," a phrase that sounds more suitable for the dictator of a banana republic. In *Matthew 2*, the Three Wise Men seek "the ruler of the Jews" even though Jesus was indisputably a male and the translators later allow Pilate to call him "King of the Jews." In *Hebrews 1:3*, it is God's "Child," not "Son," who has the power to uphold the universe, which sounds like a weighty responsibility for a juvenile.

The executive whose N.C.C. Education and Ministry Division runs the Bible project, Presbyterian David Ng, has surveyed 200 congregations that used last year's readings, which sold 20,000 copies. Although Ng says they were "basically appreciative" of the new inclusive approach in speaking of God, Ringe admits that many worshippers simply ignored some new wordings. The practice most controversial to worshippers seems to be the addition of "and Mother" whenever a reference to God the Father is unavoidable. One new example in *John 15* ("the Spirit of truth who proceeds from God/the Father and Mother") seems to add a heretical Fourth Person to the Trinity. The third and final selection of readings, due a year hence, will include *Luke's* version of the *Lord's Prayer*. Chances are that this will be known as the Sovereign's Prayer and that Jesus will address the Deity as a binary "Father and Mother!"

—By Richard N. Ostling, Reported by Michael P. Harris/New York

Reviving an Ancient Rite

For centuries the Roman Catholic Mass, the church's central act of worship, was celebrated by a priest reciting Latin prayers, facing the altar as the laity behind him provided a devout but silent background. In 1963 the Second Vatican Council, seeking to give the laity a greater role in the liturgy, authorized a sweeping reform of worship that included prayers in the vernacular and a rite in which the priest faced his congregation. For many conservatives, most notably the dissenting French Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, the new Mass, even though it can be said in Latin, became a rallying point for defiance of the council's reforms.

In a letter to bishops published last week with papal ap-

proval, the Vatican Congregation for Divine Worship once again allowed limited use of the old Tridentine Mass (after the 16th century Council of Trent, which established it). The Vatican explained that permission was granted so as not "to alienate groups of the faithful who feel particularly tied to the [old] rite, which may be especially dear to them."

To avoid any suspicion of giving in to dissenters, the Vatican insisted that local bishops must give permission for the Tridentine rite to be used, but only to those who do not doubt the legitimacy of the present-day Mass. While parishes can use it only in "extraordinary" circumstances, Vatican sources predict that there will not be much call for it since most Catholics approve of the revised rituals. Nevertheless, Archbishop Lefebvre reacted over French radio: "I am very happy. Perhaps now our situation will change."

Science

Treasure on the Nariokotome

Paleoanthropologists uncover the remains of a strapping hominid

The find initially seemed unimpressive. Kamoya Kimeu, head of Anthropologist Richard Leakey's proficient fossil collecting team, last summer discovered a hominid skull fragment that was 1½ in. square on a rocky slope above northwest Kenya's Nariokotome River. But over a month's time, the expedition crew, under the joint leadership of Leakey, director of the National Museums of Kenya, and Alan Walker, professor of cell biology and anatomy at the Johns Hopkins University medical school, began to turn up other whisky-colored skeletal pieces in the nearby sandy debris: first a rib, then a scapula, then a hip. As the collection grew, it became astonishingly clear that they had underestimated their initial discovery. Kimeu had, in fact, struck paleontological gold.

At press conferences in Washington and Nairobi, Leakey and Walker last week announced that they had unearthed the remains of a male specimen of *Homo erectus*. The hominid, given a catalog number of WT 15000, was one of a group that was directly ancestral to man and is known to have used fire and lived in caves as well as on the plains of Africa. Members of the species migrated as far as Asia, where the cranium of the so-called Java Man was discovered in 1891 and the Peking Man in 1927.

Kimeu's specimen died on the marshy periphery of what is now the Nariokotome 1.6 million years ago. Not only is the find one of the oldest examples of its



Leakey contemplating skull of WT 15000

species, it is the most nearly complete skeleton of an early human ancestor that has ever been discovered.

Thus far, more than 70 bones and fragments have been attributed to WT 15000. No two are duplicates and all are of the same stage of maturity, indicating that they belonged to the same individual. The only missing pieces of the skeletal puzzle are the hominid's left arm and hand, the right arm from the elbow down, and most of both feet. Leakey hopes to unearth those fragments next summer. The only other known near complete *Homo*

erectus was discovered in 1975 by Leakey across Lake Turkana from the present dig. But that hominid had suffered from a degenerative bone disease, and therefore the find was useless as an archetype of the species.

While WT 15000 has the beated brow, small cranium (700 to 800 cubic centimeters, about half that of modern man) and short forehead associated with virtually all human precursors, his size surprised the scientists. From the development of his teeth, they knew that the hominid died in his youth, about age twelve. But the length of his thigh bones and the size of his vertebrae indicate that he stood about 5 ft. 4 in. tall and may have weighed as much as 150 lbs. This was the size hitherto postulated by scientists for a full-grown *Homo erectus*.

"He was a strapping youth," says Leakey. "We used to think of our ancestors as rather puny and rather fragile. This shows them to be much stronger and better built than we ever imagined." Full grown, Leakey says, the boy might have reached 6 ft. Added Walker: "He's bigger than most human populations around the world today." Walker concedes that he does not know for sure if the specimen is a freak, but in a limited sample from a larger population, odds strongly favor the selection of the most common denominator.

Just as startling as the hominid's size is its anatomical similarity to modern man. Says Leakey: "Those who want to have a funny-looking thing as an ancestor 1½ million years ago will be disappointed. He's very human. That's what's so exciting. There were real people wandering about then." —By Jamie Murphy, Reported by Jay Branagan/Washington and Maryanne Vollers/Nairobi

Milestones

ACQUITTED. Jerry Lee Lewis, 49, renegade rockabilly singer who has had numerous brushes with the law over the years; of federal income tax evasion; in Memphis. He was indicted last February for concealing income from 1975 to 1980. But his lawyer successfully argued that with Lewis' sixth-grade education, he was incompetent to handle his own finances. Despite the acquittal, Lewis still owes the IRS \$653,000.

DIED. Jon-Erik Hexum, 26, actor and model who was starring in the new TV series *Cover Up* until he shot himself in the temple two weeks ago with a blank-loaded .44-cal. Magnum pistol while playing "Russian roulette"; of brain damage; in San Francisco. After a week's struggle to save his life, doctors pronounced him brain dead, and his heart, kidneys and corneas were used for transplants. The show will go on; a search for Hexum's replacement has already started.

DIED. Martin Ryle, 66, British astrophysicist who shared the 1974 Nobel Prize in physics for his development of radio astronomy techniques that extended mankind's reach 6 billion miles into the universe and led to the discovery of such intense, distant radio sources as pulsars and quasars; of pneumonia; in Cambridge, England. His major discovery, aperture synthesis, provided a method of focusing many small, separate radio antennas to fill in the gaps in broad-band radio waves, allowing astronomers to record tiny details, equivalent in terms of optical telescopes to reading a postage stamp on the moon.

DIED. Alice Neel, 84, unconventional expressionist painter who specialized in representational but psychologically revealing portraits (including an occasional TIME cover: Feminist Kate Millett, 1970; Franklin Roosevelt, 1982) of cancer; in New York City. Neel starved during the Depression but eventually partook of the

New Deal's WPA assistance. Long submerged in the tide of abstract expressionism, she was rediscovered in the late 1960s, and following a 1974 retrospective at New York City's Whitney Museum had numerous one-woman and group shows.

DIED. Alberta Hunter, 89, tiny, mellow-voiced blues singer and cabaret artist who in the 1920s became a star of low-life Chicago bars and in the 1930s of Europe's nightspots, then enjoyed a second successful singing career in her 80s; in New York City. She performed with Jazz Age greats like Louis Armstrong, and wrote her own numbers, including *Down Hearted Blues*, made famous by Bessie Smith. After her mother's death in 1954, she abruptly stopped singing and became a practical nurse until forced to retire by hospital administrators who thought she was 70; she was 82. Rediscovered then at a party, she performed to capacity audiences at a New York City café until last summer.

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SEARS

Education



Bringing Colleges Under Fire

A federal panel charges that quality and focus are slipping

Last year the nation's schools were hit by a devastating report from U.S. Secretary of Education Terrel Bell calling for a spectrum of reforms to turn what was described as education's "tide of mediocrity." Now America's 3,300 universities and colleges are getting their turn under fire. The National Institute of Education, Bell's research arm, has issued a 99-page sequel every bit as rough as the blast leveled at the schools.

The strongest indictment: colleges do not involve new students in the learning process and keep them involved. "Only half of those who enter college with the intention of receiving a bachelor's degree actually attain this goal," says the report. Furthermore, standards have been allowed to slide: "Student performance on eleven of 15 major Subject Area Tests of the Graduate Record Examinations declined between 1964 and 1982." Finally, the colleges have no consistent, reliable ways of assessing what students are learning.

The NIE document, drawn up by a panel of seven scholars chaired by Kenneth Mortimer, Penn State professor of higher education, has little patience with colleges that would blame their shortcomings on the failure of high schools to prepare entering students. "Part of the problem," insists the report, "is what happens to students after they matriculate in college." Freshmen are herded into rote lecture courses that turn them off. Some 41% of faculty members teach only part time. The report adds that colleges "cannot condone a professor's shortchanging the students ... in favor of outside activities and expect students to focus their primary commitments on learning."

Worse yet, the universities allow students to make a poor selection of courses. "The college curriculum has become excessively vocational in its orientation," says the document, noting that "the proportion of bachelor's degrees awarded in arts and sciences (as opposed to professional and vocational programs) fell from 49% in 1971 to 36% in 1982." The impetus for the imbalance has come from parents and students who "believe that the best insurance in a technological society is a highly specialized education that will lead to a specific job."

Along with its criticisms, the study offers some blunt solutions. Among them: ▶ "Reallocate faculty" so that the "finest instructors" are assigned to freshmen. ▶ "Consolidate as many part-time teaching lines" as possible to full time. ▶ "All bachelor's degree recipients should have at least two full years of liberal education. In most professional fields, this will require extending undergraduate programs beyond the usual four years."

In addition, the report calls for proficiency exams to supplement the present grade and credit systems "as a condition of awarding degrees." It also recommends raising faculty pay and giving greater weight to teaching (vs. research) in hiring, salary and tenure. It is, in all, a challenging document, designed to generate the same kind of debate and groundswell of reform that has followed the earlier study on schools. Chairman Mortimer, for one, is confident the reforms will come. "This is the year the spotlight gets thrust on higher education," he says. "It's almost a window of opportunity."

—By Ezra Bowen.

Reported by Carolyn Lesh/Washington

Campus Concern

Who's afraid of the Bomb?

The vote may have meant that students at Brown University were anti-Bomb or, possibly, that they were pro-poison. By a tally of 1,044 to 687, collegians at the elite Ivy League campus in Providence called on the school administration to stockpile cyanide pills for use in the event of nuclear war. To critics who called the vote preposterous, Jason Salzman, a sponsor of the referendum, had a ready reply: "The nuclear arms race is killing us, and we succeeded in making a lot of people think about it."

One who pondered it was Brown President Howard Swearer. The goal of dramatizing the nuclear danger had been met, he said, but Brown would not purchase cyanide. But not everyone thought the vote was a clear advance for nuclear awareness. Child Psychiatrist Robert Coles of the Harvard Medical School reported the reaction of a blue-collar worker in Lynn, Mass., who said, "These spoiled rich kids. Everyone else is going to suffer a slow death, and they want a quick way out."

Coles, author of the five-volume *Children of Crisis*, initiated a small controversy of his own by announcing that fears of nuclear war among the young are largely confined to children of affluent parents. Most studies have concluded that such fears are spread fairly evenly among children of all classes and races. The University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research, which has been polling students nationwide at about 130 high schools since 1975, reports that 30% of its respondents worry often about war; the rate holds steady for blacks and whites, for those who are college-bound and those who are not. Says Jerald Bachman, a social psychologist at the institute: "On nuclear war, there is not much difference of opinion based on race, and very little difference related to college plans."

Coles' position is founded on lengthy interviews with 108 children in six states. He feels his colleagues' use of questionnaires accounts for the differences between his study and virtually all others. Says Coles: "The only way is to get to know the children over a long period of time."

The specter of Armageddon, according to Coles, does not haunt the ghetto or working-class neighborhoods as it does the Brown campus. Says he: "The children in the ghetto are worried about the next meal, about where they will find work." Concludes Coles: "The nuclear-freeze movement has become all too tied up with upper-middle-class privilege."



Coles

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People

"Enough water has gone under the bridge for it to be a reminder of the wonderful days again, not the hell of the break-up." That is how ex-Beatle **Paul McCartney**, 42, explains his decision to rerecord such vintage Beatle classics as *Yesterday*, *Eleanor Rigby* and *For No One* as part of the sound track for the just released *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, a musical rock-fantasy feature film that he wrote and produced. But while it's getting better all the time for McCartney, the singer is still irked that he does not own the copyrights to most of the tunes he wrote with **John Lennon**, including some of those in the movie, due to a complicated legal battle they lost 15 years ago. McCartney is currently bidding to buy them back, though hardly for a song. Starting price: \$30 million.

As surely as there are voters who consider politics a joke, there are candidates who consider joking good politics. Which is not why former Presidential Candidate **Jesse Jackson**, 43, agreed to be a guest host on *Saturday Night Live* last week. When some in the black community thought the comedy show a demeaning forum, Jackson acknowledged that he had "wrestled with appearing," but decided that the chance to reach a young, activist audience was too good to pass up. During rehearsals, Regular **Billy Crystal** told Jackson he could replace *SNL* De-

partee **Eddie Murphy** if he did well. "I'd rather debate Reagan," said the Democrat, who nonetheless pointed out that the now lily-white cast "is hardly a rainbow coalition."

It has been 17 years since she last starred in a film and even longer since she outgrew the perky ears of the Mouse-



McCartney: play 'em again, Paul

keteers. But there will always be a place in Fantasyland for **Arnette Funicello**, 42. "Disney is close to my heart," says Funicello, who will see viewers real soon in *Lots of Luck*, a movie for the Disney cable channel. The comedy casts Funicello as a suburban housewife whose family gets rich on an incredible streak of contest winning but finally "goes back to being



The King and I: Koch and his royal guest strolling near Central Park



Funicello: surfina' sequel?

the nice family we once were." Next for Funicello? Would you believe a reunion with her old beach-blanket beau, **Frankie Avalon**, 44, complete with a—that's right—Beach Party '85? But no wild bikinis, please.

Unlike his popularly elected host, he will never have to ask, "How'm I doin'?" Besides, his mellifluous British accent would never be comfortable with such guttural nativisms. But **Otumfuo Opoku Ware II**, 65, the King of Ghana's Asante people, still got along fine with New York City Mayor **Edward Koch**, 59. To kick off his first visit to the

U.S. since ascending to the "golden stool" of the Asante in 1970, the King last week donned tribal regalia and, with Koch happily tagging along, led a ceremonial procession up the steps of the American Museum of Natural History to celebrate the opening of "Asante Kingdom of Gold," an exhibit of some 800 gold shields, swords, necklaces and handicrafts that will be on display through March. The King, who was last in New York in 1969, observed that the city "has grown bigger, with many more buildings, and is cleaner." The mayor obviously did some whispering in his ear.

—By Guy D. Garcia

On the Record

Renata Scott, 49, opera singer whose husband **Lorenzo Anselmi** abandoned his work as a violinist after they were married 24 years ago: "The biggest decision a man can make is to give up his own career to dedicate himself to his wife's."

John Heckler, 57, Boston attorney who is suing his wife, **Health and Human Services Secretary Margaret Heckler**, for divorce: "For 30 years, all I ever did was promote her and help her and push her... They get into a high position, they begin to think they're different from everyone else."



He looks marvelous: Jackson with Regulars Marty Short and Crystal

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Living

The New Bad Boys of Fashion

Two kindred spirits make bright clothes with rock brio

Crazy? Well, of course, crazy. "Natch-ral-ly" crazy," like the hero of the old song who invites derisive snorts because "I'm just a bad boy/All dressed up in fancy clothes."

Go ahead and laugh then: at the open-toed sneakers with the six-inch platforms and the skirts for men; at the silvery ensembles that look like space suits for space cases and the heavy sweaters with turtle-necks and bare backs. You might wonder whether the clothes are a deliberate joke, or if, when wearing them, one becomes a punch line. But a word of caution. Don't laugh so hard that you miss either the talent behind these clothes or the spirit with which they are made, the ebullience, the cunning shunning of convention that exalts fashion even as it seems to mangle it. And consider a revision to the classic Rolling Stones refrain: "It's only rock 'n' roll, but I can wear it."

There are several things that the French designer Jean-Paul Gaultier and Stephen Sprouse, an American, have in common besides an unreserved transatlantic admiration for each other's work. They are young: Gaultier is 32, Sprouse 31. They have, separately, taken fashion off into fresh territory. Gaultier has seized and made salable the dithering extravagances of London street fashion. Hot colors over black? Short skirts? Check out Sprouse for all that. He was hiking up hemlines and pouring Day-Glo over the fashion palette while women were still trying to figure out what the Japanese craze was all about.

Together, Sprouse and Gaultier have become the designers of the moment. The tour boats that cruise down the Seine past Gaultier's Paris apartment, flooding his living room with light, may actually contain rivals doing some industrial spying. Sprouse minis and Gaultier jackets have a very short life on the racks. Their clothes sell out both in pace-setting boutiques and in department stores like Macy's. Not since the Britain of the '60s have rock sensibility and fashion been so close-knit. "The raw energy behind



From Sprouse: Day-Glo finery to light up spring nights

rock 'n' roll inspires me," says Sprouse. "Rock has got everything: art and music and fashion." Gaultier, who likes it that the French press has described him as a "fashion disc jockey," says that "rock was above all a rebellion against the Establishment. My aim is freedom and openness."

His aim is still true, judging from the congenially berserk glad rags for men and women that he showed in Paris last week. Extremely deft, marketable clothing was mixed in with deliberately parodistic fantasies. There were gauzy see-through gos-

samers over checked bikini briefs for men; hiya-big-boy bathing suits for women that transform breasts into medium-range ballistic missiles; and sarongs for everyone. But there were also roomy, temperate suits for both sexes, and a selection of loungewear and splendor-in-the-grass sunsuits that managed to be forthrightly sexy without turning coy. It was shrewd and prototypical Gaultier, in short: clothes for yucks and clothes for bucks.

Sprouse's new collection has real butt-tickler skirts ("Everything is six inches above the knee or more") and dresses that seem to have been hit by a blitz of citrus bombs. There are four new Day-Glo colors, including furious fuchsia and lightning yellow. "We're going crazy testing all of them," says Sprouse, "but that's the best thing. My colors really glow."

There are thundering echoes of the swinging '60s in Sprouse's work—a lime-green sequined dress with a halter collar could have been filched from Twiggy's attic—but his clothes, as Buyer Jean Rosenberg of Henri Bendel in New York City points out, "are not '60s reds. Those clothes were skimpier and skinnier." Sprouse's lines tend to be a little more careful and deliberate, even sculpted, and a lot of his wizardry comes in combinations, like throwing a man-size coat over a mini. Says Pat Henderson of Bergdorf Goodman: "I've got one of his bright pink wool tank dresses, real short. You take off your coat and show that dress, anything could happen. Men think the clothes are incredibly sexy."

Fittingly enough, it was on the body of Blondie's Debbie Harry that Sprouse's fashion fantasies first assumed public

form. One of two sons in an Air Force family, Sprouse had dropped out of the Rhode Island School of Design and done some apprentice work with Halston before taking up the boho life in Manhattan nine years ago. He had been coloring huge black-and-white Xeroxes, when he became friendly with Harry and started to make her stage clothes. "Stephen put me into minis and high black boots," she says, "and it just went on from there."

Sprouse, quiet and deliberate, frets occasionally that "I wish I had more time off to work on other stuff, to keep practicing my guitar or do my art."

From Gaultier: elegant flowing outfit



What the master calls "haut corset"



When he sketches and fits, he listens to music—from vintage Rolling Stones to the short-circuited post-punk epiphanies of Public Image Ltd.—and he sees his work as an extension of the same creative impulse that set him to struggling with those Xeroxes back in the '70s. For Gaultier, on the other hand, fashion is a little more whimsical, a tap-source into personal fantasy. "I don't try to do art," he says. "I don't know how to do sculptures. All I propose are currents, what people want. It's not an intellectual approach but something that I feel."

When he was a teen-ager, living with his parents in a modest Paris suburb, he would read newspaper accounts of fashion shows. "They would say Cardin had presented 250 outfits, so I'd draw 350. Then I could say I did more than Cardin. After that I'd write my own articles about my collection, which were very positive." His grandmother—"my first fashion influence"—endured the brunt of his bolder experiments, which once included dyeing her gray hair purple. "She may," he laughs, "have been the first punk."

Gaultier, who admits readily enough that "I'm a rocker," is nevertheless adamant that his clothes are not meant to appeal to only a single age group. Just as his inspiration careens crazily from Dickens' London to today's King's Road, he wants his clothes worn by anyone who likes "playing with clothes, taking from them what interests you, no matter what the origins." In fact, as most store buyers know, a Gaultier collection is made up of about equal parts of eye-grabbing eccentricities and conventional ideas, "classics with different proportions. A young person won't put them together the same way as a 50- or 60-year-old."

On his 18th birthday, Gaultier landed a job with Cardin, for whom he designed a 1974 collection destined for the American market. He sets the same kind of creative atmosphere that he found at his former patron's, where "everything was permitted." Most of his small staff are just out of lycée and brimming with ideas; others are friends of long standing, none is over 32. Gaultier may be an iconoclast, but he has a deep and sometimes surprising respect for other designers. One would expect him to "adore" Vivienne Westwood, the earth mother of punk fashion. But Gaultier also "adores" Giorgio Armani and Jean Muir, and speaks with respect of the old master Yves Saint Laurent. He spends about 85% of his time working, and rides the Métro both to commute and to store up ideas.

Gaultier often refers to "the game of the clothes." If there is in fact such a recreation, then he and Sprouse have been instrumental in revising the recent rules of play. Acting cagey, Sprouse says he has "this whole new idea for fall." Gaultier's current collection suggests he can flout convention even while crazy. Natch-rally crazy. Yes, indeed. —By Jay Cocks.

Reported by Dorie Donoghue/Paris and Elizabeth Rukhlyf/New York

Theater

The R.S.C.'s Rhapsody in Brown

CYRANO DE BERGERAC by Edmond Rostand

The actor finds a beguiling blend of character study and star quality. The director and designer devise different strategies that can serve a single stage. The company struts its chameleon craft, and the audience relishes a smorgasbord of theater history. Such are the pleasures of repertory, especially as executed by Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company. In its City home at the Barbican Theater in London, or on its country estate at Stratford-upon-Avon, the R.S.C. may perform as many as five plays a week. The company's tours of North America,



Cusack and Jacobi as the would-be lovers

Ironing out the swellings of rhetoric.

though, have displayed only a fraction of its versatility: one play at a time. So the R.S.C.'s twin bill of *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Cyrano de Bergerac*, now on Broadway for a ten-week run, offers the American theatergoer a rare opportunity to see the world's top rep company in its element—an "at home" abroad.

This applies even when (especially when) one production is sublime and the other so-so. *Much Ado* thrills the senses with its fairy-tale weave of love, honor and wit. *Cyrano* is a lesser play and a lesser production, a theatrical war horse that keeps buckling at the knees. Yet *Cyrano* is a more typical Royal Shakespeare evening. The capacious stage of the Gershwin Theater teems with actors and activity; Ralph Koltai's set is brownish, broody, tattered just so; the tone of the crowd scenes is strenuously raunchy; during the battle scene,

cannon fire pops your eardrums, and the R.S.C. smoke machine wafts its fumes across the orchestra seats; the whole production looks to be illuminated by a 20-watt bulb. To see this ensemble devote itself with patented bustle to *Cyrano* is to feel the comfortable but unsatisfying sensation of watching a favorite dog do old tricks.

Not that the play is unworthy of re-suscitation. Edmond Rostand was 29 when he wrote *Cyrano*; he seasoned this tale of a 17th century cavalier with the dash, sweep, idealism and tireless eloquence of youth. In 1898, when the original French production played London, it arrived like a gust of rose-scented air in the stolid cathedral of naturalism. Proclaimed Critic Max Beerbohm: "Even if *Cyrano* be not a classic, it is at least a wonderfully ingenious counterfeit of one." And even if, in this century, the counterfeit has become more evident than the ingenuity, Rostand's rhapsody has attracted new generations of star actors, from Walter Hampden to Ralph Richardson to José Ferrer in the Oscar-winning film version. But the movie ran only 112 min.; the R.S.C. *Cyrano* soldiers on at nearly twice that length. More important, Anthony Burgess's verse translation, while lean and clever ("Our devil's changed into a Christian brother, / Attack one nostril and he turns the other"), irons out the swellings of Rostand's perfluvial rhetoric. The direction, by Terry Hands, who also staged *Much Ado*, is as antiromantic as the translation. It retreats from the play's signal qualities: passion and panache.

On the three most famous set pieces—Cyrano's duel while composing a poem, the balcony scene in which the shy cavalier ventriloquizes his love for Roxane (Sinead Cusack) through the voice of his friend Christian (Tom Mannon), and Cyrano's lingering death—Hands does go full throttle. So does the star, Derek Jacobi, in the rising-geyser cadences that just about every serious English actor of the past 20 years has borrowed from Laurence Olivier. In his best roles Jacobi finds heroism in gray ordinariness: the stammering honesty of Claudius in TV's *I, Claudius*, the grace and pain beneath the railleury in *Much Ado*. But *Cyrano* is extraordinary, unique; his heart and his compulsive excellence set him apart from other mortals more than his prominent proboscis. Jacobi, for all his energetic resourcefulness, has neither the swagger nor the stature for the part. He commandeers the stage with his ambition to fill the role, but his shortcomings are as plain as the nose on Cyrano's face. —By Richard Corliss



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Behavior

Take Me Out to the Brawl Game

Violence at major sporting events seems to be on the rise

Minutes after the final out of the World Series last week, fans stormed the field in Detroit, tearing out turf, seats and signs. Then they surged through the exits to join a heavy-drinking crowd of 10,000 milling outside Tiger Stadium. Police and bystanders were pelted with bottles and rocks. Four police cars were smashed, and one was overturned and torched. One cab was attacked, and the driver of another taxi managed to save his vehicle by brandishing a bayonet. The mob made off with most of the luggage belonging to a busful of senior citizens. Raymond Dobrzynski, a biologist from Ypsilanti, Mich., who was in town to meet a friend after the game, was shot and killed inside his car near a hot-dog stand. The night's toll: one dead, 80 injured, 41 arrested and more than \$100,000 in property damage.

One night earlier, crowd violence erupted in Manhattan, Kans., after the Kansas-Kansas State football game; one policeman was stabbed in the arm and another was struck in the face with a broken beer bottle while trying to calm a stone-throwing mob of 8,000 students and fans.

In the past 15 years or so, violence following major sporting events has become depressingly familiar. "Usually there are the first ones over the fence who legitimize the others," observes Irving Goldaber, a Miami sociologist who is director of the Center for Study of Crowd and Spectator Behavior. "I have found the line to explosiveness is being crossed more and more. I've found it at baseball games, football games and rock concerts."

The record for the worst mob action following a World Series is probably held by Pittsburgh. After the Pirates defeated the Orioles in 1971, a crowd of 100,000 people roved through downtown streets, smashing store windows, setting fires and overturning cars. Eight armed robberies were reported. But Detroit has its own tradition of baseball violence. Some 200 fans were arrested after the Tigers' last World Series victory, in 1968. Four years ago, brawls broke out regularly in the bleachers of Tiger Stadium. One melee involved 5,000 fans, most of them beer-guzzling youngsters; everything from coins and bottles to an empty plastic beer keg rained down on the players.

Many social scientists have had a go at explaining the rising violence. Some attributed Detroit's cantankerous bleachers of 1980 to the frustrations of a down economy. Yet this year's eruption, according to one expert, is the result of the city's economic upturn. "As the new vitality of the auto industry indicates," says New York Social Psychologist Carl Wiedemann, "Detroit is already making a comeback. In sociological terms it is a perfect place for a revolution of rising expectations." Wiedemann offers two other explanations: the Tigers' easy and quick victory over San Diego left fans with "unspent warlike energy," and the riot "seems to be the equivalent of a rebellion by the 'Rustbelt' against the Sunbelt," represented by the laid-back Padres.

Oddly enough, fans of the winning side are more likely to go on a rampage than rooters for the losers. "Pride and ex-

ultant rioters and a burning police car in Detroit after the final game of the World Series. "Alcohol, drugs, a scream, an insult, can light the fuse. It doesn't take much."



Exultant rioters and a burning police car in Detroit after the final game of the World Series

"Alcohol, drugs, a scream, an insult, can light the fuse. It doesn't take much."

ultation are what the winners feel," says Wiedemann. "Alcohol, drugs, a scream, an insult, can light the fuse. It doesn't take much to tip exultation into rage."

Perhaps more to the point, large sports arenas seem to be attracting a more ferocious type of fan, often young, white and devoted to the use of beer, marijuana and profanity. Boston Red Sox outfielder Dwight Evans says he noticed the change at Fenway Park around 1977, with the start of abusive language and objects regularly tossed out of the stands. At Yankee Stadium, beer is now often sloshed on fans or hurled from the upper deck. Fights are common. A riot followed New York's victory over the Los Angeles Dodgers in the 1977 World Series. Yankee Second Baseman Willie Randolph called it "the scariest thing I've experienced in my life."

Some think beer and whisky are the real culprits. The worst outbreak at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium came in 1974 at "Nickel Beer Night." Many fans

decanted 20 or more beers into plastic buckets that they brought to their seats. In the ninth inning, they stormed the field, attacking Rangers outfielder Jeff Burroughs. One man threw a folding chair from the stands, hitting a Cleveland pitcher. In football, a hard-drinking crowd ran amuck after a 1976 Patriots-Jets game in Foxboro, Mass., attacking police. Two fans died of heart attacks. Now the stadium sells only low-alcohol beer, and stops serving it about an hour before the end of games to let fans dry out.

Sports Psychologist Thomas Tutko of California's San Jose State University thinks fans use alcohol to unleash the frustrations they often bring to games. "The more you get lubricated with alcohol, the more your ego control gets lost." According

to Goldaber, people go to sports events to feel a vicarious sense of power. Identification with a winning team, he says, is a "license" to burst into reactive behavior, "even if it's in Detroit for only a day. Tomorrow their car won't start, and that's when they come back to reality."

Unfortunately for the U.S., says Jerry M. Lewis, professor of sociology at Ohio's Kent State University, the country seems to have entered the era of "the automatic riot" after championship events. Britain's soccer riots feature mayhem on a level not yet reached here. Lewis calls them "punishing riots," aimed at mauling fans of the opposite team. America, on the other hand, is developing a taste for "celebrating riots." Says Lewis: "I think it's going to get worse. I fear that the next Kent State will be at a sports event. We haven't reached the point yet where society says, 'Enough,' but it may be coming."

—By John Leo.

Reported by Ken Myers/Cleveland and Paul A. Wittman/Detroit

Sport



Notre Dame had the moves but no ball last Saturday as it dropped another

Huddling or Muddling?

Illegal procedures in a turned-around college football season

There is a school of thought, not a hard school to get into, that says football is roughly as comprehensible as nuclear physics. But it hardly seems that simple this year, particularly on the collegiate level, where pretty much everything appears to have been turned inside out.

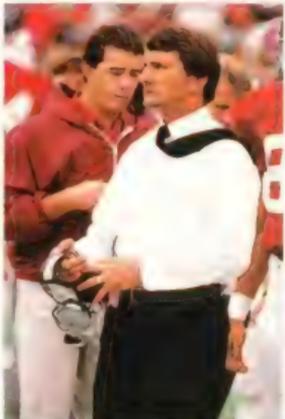
While upsets tend to astound every season, few upstarts in the past have shown the flair of modest Syracuse, which was shut out by both Rutgers and Florida but shut down mammoth Nebraska in between. Also familiar is the critical call missed by the harried field judge, yet how often are apologies telephoned to the slighted coach? Two days after being tied by Texas, Oklahoma's Barry Switzer heard last week from the supervisor of officials that, as a matter of fact, there had been an interception in the end zone on the play prior to the Longhorns' last-second field goal. Sorry about that.

Similarly, while the wire-service polls have shown peculiarities before, Boston College's persistent presence during three idle weeks was extraordinary. By the chilly calculations of the New York Times computer, the Eagles soared from 19th to fifth on the wing of one victory over Temple, as Quarterback and leading Heisman Trophy Candidate Doug Flutie grew in stature but stayed 5 ft. 9 in.

Places in the polling hierarchy traditionally occupied by the overpowering—Alabama, Notre Dame, Pitt or U.S.C.—have been taken over by the middling—South Carolina, Kentucky or Washington. In its first five games, Alabama was able to beat only quaint Southwestern Louisiana, but then upset Penn State before losing to Tennessee. As bad starts go, this one went back to 1957, the year before the coming of Bear Bryant. About a

month before Coach Bryant died in 1983, former Receiver Ray Perkins was selected to follow him. "From disbelief to sadness to disappointment to madness," as Perkins has described his two seasons' journey, effectively speaking for Gerry Faust as well, though Notre Dame's fourth-year coach probably wishes he had only one ghost to negotiate.

"If we could bottle Gerry's resiliency," sighs Associate Athletic Director Roger Valdiserri, "we'd have the Russians worried." Four setbacks in seven games, including a third consecutive loss



Alabama's Perkins caught in a Bear trap
Disbelief, sadness, dismay, madness.

to Air Force, would seem to have delivered Faust, once the best high school coach in Cincinnati, to some sort of brink. To those who know South Bend, the incredible fact is that he has lost three straight and is but 10 and 10 at home. Faust is a devout Catholic, and Irish followers are not devoid of faith. When Steve Oracko made a big kick in the '40s and an assistant coach, spotting from inside the scoreboard, shouted joyously, "God bless you, Oracko!," weren't the fans below certain that they had heard the voice of Knute Rockne? Lately they are remembering that both Rockne and Ara Parseghian were Protestants.

On the subject of shaking the thunder down from the sky, Georgia Tech Coach Bill Curry has contributed an uncommonly straightforward speech to this general sense of the unusual. "What we're doing here is a lot more important than winning games," he told a gathering of boosters. "Let me tell you about the opposition: they cheat, they're vicious, they're dishonest and they corrupt young minds ... with drugs or whatever it takes to win." The furor he caused surprised him slightly, but pleased him greatly. "I think it helps every time we say it, and I hope people do get alarmed. We're dealing with young people's lives here. When that boy leaves home for the first time, the coach is his mother, father, minister, truant officer, counselor, tutor, everything. If cutting corners is inherent in the rules, that's the rule he'll live by."

The executive director of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, Walter Byers, has come to his own dismal conclusions after all these optimistic years. "I didn't believe it at the time," he said of Notre Dame Basketball Coach Digger Phelps' assertion over a year ago that the going rate for basketball and football players was \$10,000 and \$20,000. "I believe it now." Realizing that "probation is considered the price of doing business by some schools," Byers has allowed himself to muse aloud that open college football in the quasi-professional style of Olympic athletes might be worth considering. Phelps' suggestion is that the Internal Revenue Service follow the money.

Huge sums are still involved, although an attempt to plump the television take has backfired. An antitrust lawsuit aimed at loosening the N.C.A.A.'s grip has only increased the number of telecasts, on some TV system or other, from 89 last year to about 200. Both revenue and ratings are down. "More appearances, less money," Nebraska Athletic Director Bob Devaney sums it up. The endless mix of network, cable and syndicated productions is so haphazardly arranged and oddly timed that the impression is a blur of games, none seeming very special or important. Like so much of college football, it is hard to understand. —By Tom Callahan

Books

A Troubled Life with Father

HOME BEFORE DARK by Susan Cheever; Houghton Mifflin; 243 pages; \$15.95

John Cheever died at age 70 in 1982. Near the end of her "biographical memoir" of the late writer, his daughter Susan, the author of three novels, recalls a visit to her father's grave in Massachusetts: "I look down at the snowy earth where my father lies. There are footprints under the maple tree that grows over his grave. People have been here, although the snow around the other graves is untrammelled. It was June when we buried him—the summer solstice. The day I return is Ash Wednesday. He lies there in the cold winter ground. I make a snowball with my hands, pack it firm, and lob it gently at the grave. There doesn't seem to be anything else to do here."

If there is a hint of hostility in this gesture, Susan Cheever does not acknowledge it. And this graveside vignette, reported with admirable candor and scant introspection, is typical of nearly all of *Home Before Dark*: a loving memorial journey accompanied by the unexamined impulse to throw something.

Life with father, as Susan recounts it, was never dull and rarely easy. As the daughter, born in 1943, and her two younger brothers grew up, they had to accustom themselves to dramatic swings in their domestic circumstances. Cheever earned his living by writing short stories for *The New Yorker*; it was a precarious trade, subject to editorial quirkiness in the matters of rejection or payment: "He was rich sometimes and he was poor sometimes, and both of these conditions were as dependent on his mood as they were on his net worth (which also fluctuated pretty wildly)."

Publication of *The Wapshot Chronicle* (1957), his first novel, brought Cheever the first of his major awards and a period of relative financial security. Susan remembers these heady times, which stretched through the 1960s: "His marriage was still exciting, his children were thriving, and we all made a lot of 'Will success spoil John Cheever?' jokes. Later, success and celebrity took a big toll on my father and he became quite pompous about himself."

Given this judgment, it is hard to imagine what Cheever could have done to please his daughter. She suffered when he



Susan and John Cheever in 1979

Excerpt

My father was drawn to strength... He never spoke about feelings or allowed himself to speculate on the inner mechanics of the family. 'I love you all equally,' he would say, or 'I adore your mother.' People remember my father's candor. Although his manner was reticent, there was nothing John would not say about himself. Saul Bellow recalled in his eulogy at my father's funeral. In a way, that was true. He would tell you exactly what he had done to this or that mistress in a room at the St. Regis or in a motel in Iowa, and he would tell you that *The New Yorker* had paid him less than \$1,000 for a story, and he would tell you that he took two Valiums and drank a pint of gin every day before noon. That was different, though. He did not like to talk about how these things felt; he did not like to talk about human emotions. He did talk, often eloquently, about human behavior. Are they really the same? I don't think so.

was exultant and when he was miserable. The mixed reviews and lackluster sales of *Bullet Park* (1969) sent him into a tailspin that nearly killed him. His drinking accelerated: "It became clearer and clearer that my father was the worst kind of alco-

holic. He seemed intent on destroying himself." The strains in his marriage to his wife Mary broke violently into the open: "When we children were at home during these years between 1969 and the mid-1970s, my parents would have dinner together at the long table in front of the downstairs fireplace as they always had, but they could rarely get through the meal without a fight. She would leave the table in tears, or he would get up in a cold, self-righteous rage." To get away from home, he took teaching assignments at the University of Iowa and then Boston University and philanthroped openly: "My father had discovered groups." In Boston, he was visibly and often embarrassingly drunk. Notes Susan: "We stayed away from him, and so did most people."

Then, in short order, Cheever underwent a successful treatment for alcoholism, completed the novel *Falconer* (1977) and won increased fame and wealth with the appearance of *The Stories of John Cheever* (1978). Looking back at this remarkable resurgence, Susan finds her memory locked mostly on pomposity: "He dropped names shamelessly. It was no longer safe to tease him about favorable reviews. In restaurants, he let headwaiters know that he was someone important." She also reveals the information, garnered in part from his private journals, that her father had worried about his homosexual impulses for much of his adult life and finally established in his last years a satisfying physical and emotional bond with a younger married man.

"I was always afraid of my father," Susan notes at one point. *Home Before Dark* represents an attempt to replace this emotion with knowledge and understanding. All elegies say more about the living than the dead, and in telling her father's story Susan tells her own. But the reason that thousands outside the immediate family will care about this account is that Cheever made enduring art out of the miseries and demons that haunted him. Susan knows this, of course, but chooses to emphasize the costs rather than the achievements. A full account of Cheever's life demands honest recognition of both.

—By Paul Gray

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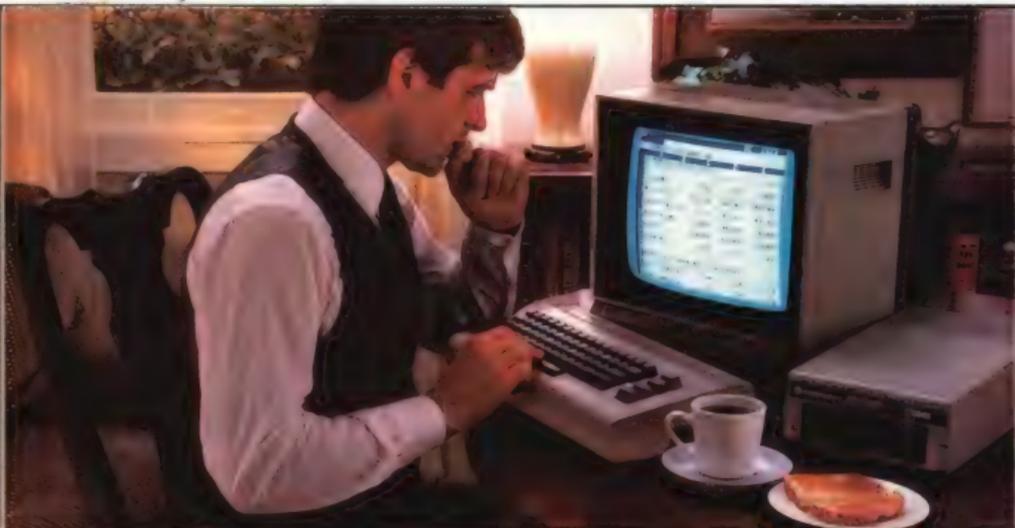
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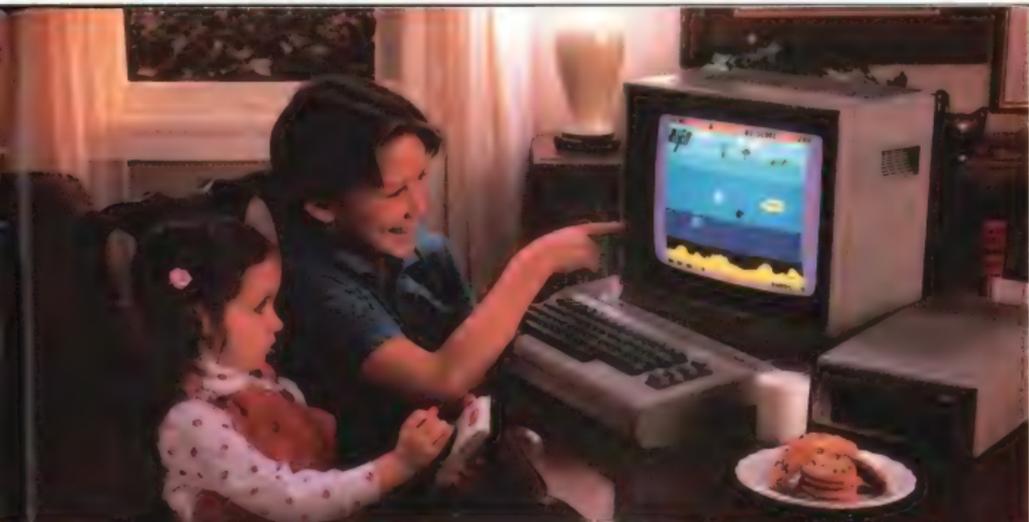
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Books

Preacher

STORIES FOR CHILDREN

by Isaac Bashevis Singer
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
338 pages; \$13.95

"If Aesop were alive today," maintains Isaac Bashevis Singer, "he might have written a fable about a skunk who was psychoanalyzed to lose his stench, or about a hare who preached the dictatorship of hares... When art begins to ape science it becomes exactly that—an ape. It appears just as ridiculous when it tries with its limited powers to retard or push forward the wheels of history."

The phrases are terse, the message mordant. It might also be credible if Singer had not just published *Stories for Children*, a collection of 36 works for the young, dating back to *Zlateh the Goat* in 1966. Without the original illustrations, his fictions stand revealed as something more than mere bedtime stories. Many are informed by Freudian insights; tale after tale demonstrates a strong desire to prod the audience—and in some small way retard or push forward the wheels of history.

Some are reminiscent of the rabbinical parables Singer heard his father tell in Poland. A rich miser lends his neighbor a silver spoon. Next day the borrower returns the utensil, and brings with it a smaller one because "your tablespoon gave birth to a teaspoon." Delighted, the miser offers a set of candlesticks, only to learn, two days later, that they have passed away. "How can candlesticks die?" screams the rich man. Greed gets a talmudic reply: "If spoons can give birth, candlesticks can die."

In the town of Chelm, Singer's all-star cast shows the foolishness of unworldly wisdom. A congregation of elders, including Zeinvel Ninny, Feivel Thickwit, Dopey Lekisch, Gronam Ox and Shmendrick Numskull, encourages a wealthy man to move to the slums and live forever; after all, the records show that no-one of means has ever died there. And when a huge carp slaps Gronam Ox with his tail, he sentences the fish to capital punishment: death by drowning in a lake.

In other tales, the message is saltier. Rabbi Leib and the witch Cunegunde contend for the soul of the world. The evil woman loses every battle of wills. Desperately she conceives a plan that cannot fail to undo her opponent: she will marry him. But in stories like *The Wicked City*, Singer is no longer content to twinkle. The angry retelling of *Genesis* changes Abraham's nephew Lot from a shepherd into the radical lawyer of Sodom. In one case, Lot represents a man who has murdered his own parents, throwing the defendant on the mercy of the court because he is now an orphan. When Jehovah condemns the town, Lot flees with his family. His wife,

of course, turns into the traditional pillar of salt. But that hardly disturbs her husband; he retires to a cave with his daughters, and there they live like savages. It is a fate worthy of degenerates, concludes the author. "Except for defending criminals, there was nothing Lot knew how to do." In *Utzel & His Daughter* the editorial is even more obvious: a girl named Poverty is too gross and slothful to attract a bridegroom. She cannot even get into her shoes until she stops living on handouts, takes a job as a maid and loses weight. In good time, she becomes the bride of a wealthy youth.

Singer is hardly the first "serious"



Isaac Bashevis Singer: a moral fabulist

writer to produce children's books. He is not even the first Nobel laureate. T.S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* was aimed at the young; Rudyard Kipling's *Just So Stories* has beguiled five generations. But both men sought relief from their vocation in child's play. Singer has declared juveniles to be his ideal audience indeed. In 1978, when he accepted the Nobel Prize, he gave the academy ten reasons to write for children, whom he regards as "the best readers of genuine literature... they still like clarity, logic and even such obsolete stuff as punctuation. Even more, the young reader demands a real story: with a beginning, a middle and an end." To underscore that belief, he often recalls the stranger who asked him to autograph her copy of *Zlateh the Goat*. The author hesitated with his pen. "Who is the child?" "It's for me," the woman confessed. "I am the child." The implication is clear: Singer is writing for the boy or girl in every adult. But these collected stories suggest another interpretation. In every tale, Singer's cautionary tone takes him from the grade school shelf and places him in the long line of moral fabulists from Aesop and La Fontaine to Kafka and Italo Calvino. All the time, it now appears, the rabbi's son has really been preaching to the adult in every boy and girl.

—By Stefan Kanfer

JOHN RIGGINS: Husband, Father, Professional Football Player, selected Most Valuable Player in Super Bowl XVII and Life Member of the National Rifle Association.

"I grew up in northeast Kansas, about 300 yards from the edge of town. My father would get up early to go hunting, and I followed behind getting slapped in the face by branches. We hunted pheasant, quail, rabbit and some duck. But being outdoors was something I liked before I even knew what a gun was.

"Gun safety is number one with me. I've taught my oldest son, Bobby, that shooting requires responsibility and respect. We hunt together every chance we get and now my wife has expressed an interest in learning to shoot.

"I'm a Life Member of the NRA. It helps educate people, protects my guns and stands for the same things I do. My life is hectic now, but when things slow down a little I plan to get more involved in the NRA."

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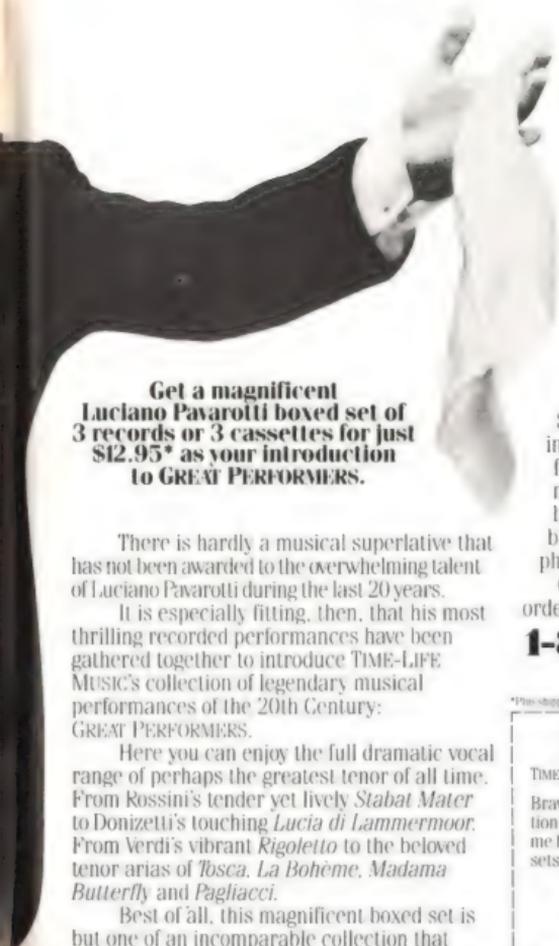
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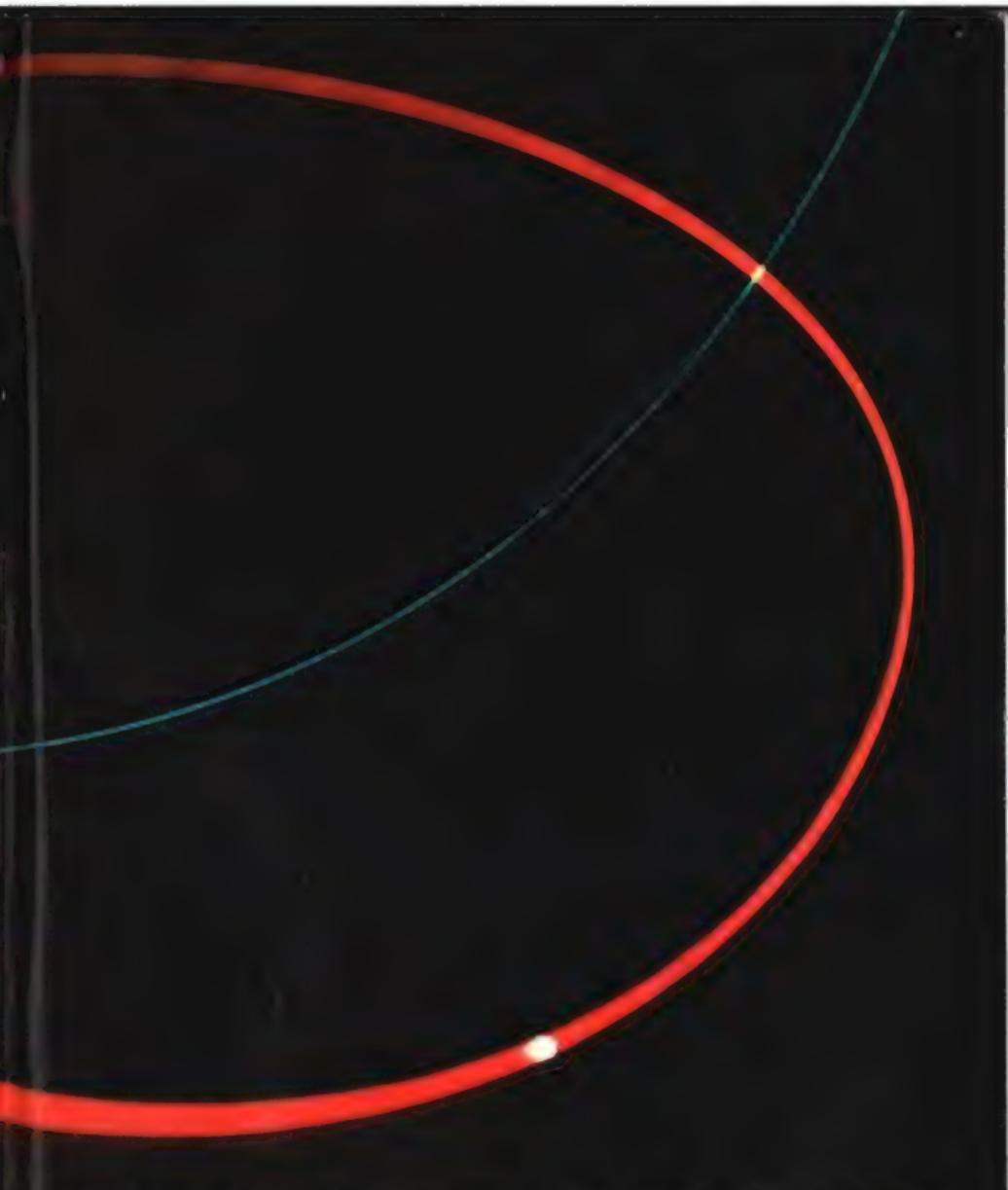
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Books



Vishnevskaya and Rostropovich in exile

Highs and Lows

GALINA
by Galina Vishnevskaya
Translated by Guy Daniels
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
519 pages; \$19.95

For two decades, Galina Vishnevskaya reigned supreme at the Bolshoi Theater. No other soprano could match her sumptuous voice and dramatic presence or challenge her vibrant interpretations of Russian opera.

But that was before 1969, when she and her husband, Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich, offered sanctuary to the dissident writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Many Soviet musicians joined in the official chorus denouncing Solzhenitsyn: the couple remained unyielding in his defense. As a result, Vishnevskaya and Rostropovich found that their concert and recording dates had been canceled by the Soviet authorities. After these two celebrated Soviet performers had emigrated to the West in desperation, their names were systematically expunged from the annals of Russian music.

Once in exile and facing the prospect of flagging vocal powers, Vishnevskaya, 58, turned to writing her autobiography with the same fevered intensity she invested in her operatic roles. These are no ghostwritten and-then-I-sang memoirs. Not since Dmitri Shostakovich's posthumously published confessional *Testimony* has a musician so convincingly portrayed a totalitarian state that spawns great artists, then despises the art they go on to produce.

Vishnevskaya joined the Bolshoi Theater in 1952 when Stalin still acted as the opera's imperial patron. Millions of rubles were spent on the opulent sets

and costumes for spectacles like *Prince Igor* and *Boris Godunov*. Seated in a heavily guarded box, Stalin reveled in the gilt-and-rhinestone production numbers as he munched on hard-boiled eggs. He had no knowledge of music. Once at an intermission he summoned to his loge the distinguished Bolshoi conductor Samuil Samosud and told him strongly that the performance "is lacking flats." Samosud had the wit to reply: "Good, Comrade Stalin. Thank you for your comment. We will not fail to pay attention to that."

The generalissimo's taste in opera left a legacy that has thus far proved in-creditable. His concept of the genre as patriotic spectacle has hindered the development of a knowledgeable and devoted opera public. Today the state encourages Soviet visitors to the Bolshoi but, says the author, it gives them little help in understanding what they see. Without condensation, Vishnevskaya recalls one typical group of prizewinning collective farmers rewarded with tickets in the front row of the Bolshoi. A peasant woman directly behind the conductor grew restive during the overture. She leaned over the orchestra pit and bawled out the man with the baton: "Why are you young your arms around like a windmill? Get out of the way! You're blocking my view!"

The book's most affecting passages concern the tortured destiny of Shostakovich, whose servility to the Soviet authorities Vishnevskaya defends with the ferocity of friendship. She was not old enough in 1936 to understand the humiliation heaped on the composer when Stalin took exception to his opera *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*. But she was witness in 1965 to the drastic changes Shostakovich made in the score and libretto when a movie, renamed *Katerina Izmailova*, was made of his musical drama. Soviet censors lagged behind their American counterparts where sex was concerned. Vishnevskaya's account of the filming of a bedroom scene: "My lover, who was in full uniform, crawled in after me. I put a thick blanket between us, and announced that we were ready to shoot." As the cameras moved in for a closeup, the director shouted: "Pull the quilt over your breast ... Artem, don't touch her ... Galina, your shoulder is bare again ... Stop! Stop! His shirt is unbuttoned ... His chest is all hairy! Shave it immediately. We're making a film for the laboring masses, not for sex maniacs!"

In spite of such difficulties, the completed movie was pronounced the best of all filmed operas by Conductor Herbert von Karajan. The Russian people have been deprived of seeing even one scene. Like all films and recordings of Vishnevskaya's performances, *Katerina Izmailova* is banned in its native country. So is this book. Westerners are not so unfortunate.

—By Patricia Blake

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Cinema



Dust ghoster: Melanie Griffith with Wason in *Body Double*



Blond domination: Turner and Perkins in *Crimes of Passion*

Dark Nights for the Libido

Two new films brave the storm against violent sex

"P"orn is the theory: rape is the practice." This is the rallying cry of a new breed of activists convinced of a causal link between sexual violence in movies and the physical violence that men too often unleash on women. Aroused or desensitized by images of erotic domination, the argument goes, men may follow the examples set on-screen. Thus movies containing scenes of sexual violence are criminal violations—if not of the obscenity statutes, then of women's civil rights. And this applies to slasher movies like *Friday the 13th* and art-house hits like Lina Wertmüller's *Swept Away* as well as to heterosexual hard core. (Gay porn, in which men victimize men, would not be affected.) *En garde!* Out of the furnace of feminism springs a righteous protectionism that strikes with vigilante force.

Recently this argument has received support from some unlikely organs of the body politic. In Indianapolis the city council passed a law declaring that certain depictions of carnal mayhem were indeed civil rights violations. And psychologists at the University of Wisconsin released studies indicating that male subjects exposed to *Friday the 13th*, *Swept Away* and similar films did indeed assume the hostile attitudes of rapists. But now, leaping into the fray with the reckless assurance of kamikaze pilots, come two Hollywood films that confront the sexual-violence issue: Brian De Palma's *Body Double* and Ken Russell's *Crimes of Passion*.

The arrival of this lubricious pair just now is a coincidence, not the harbinger of a trend. In the main, Hollywood pictures since the mid-'70s have been sexually arid. Even the horny teen romps use the erotic impulse only as the setup for an anatomical punch line. Among the box-of-

fice hits of 1984, only the Clint Eastwood melodrama *Tightrope* had much to say about the dark night of the libido, and much of that was muffled under the bang-bang of a climactic chase. For that matter, De Palma and Russell are eccentric outsiders, and so are their new movies.

And so are their main characters. *Body Double* presents a familiar De Palma loner, a pleasant enough wimp who becomes fascinated, then sexually obsessed, with a faraway female figure. This time the wimp is Jack, a movie actor (Craig Wasson), and the love object is a wealthy young woman (Deborah Shelton) with a body as taut and talented as a porn star's. Too soon, Jack finds he must share the fantasy. Another man is watching, one who has more violent designs on the woman: murder by a power drill that moves toward her and through her like the phallus of death. As usual, De Palma tips his hat (and his hand) with Hitchcock allusions. Is this his third remake of *Vertigo*? As usual, the director's gliding camera announces its presence quietly but surely, like a cat on a carpet. His point here seems to be that voyeurism can induce a trance-like emotional paralysis—a message feminists could appreciate if *Body Double* took less pleasure in the mechanics of mutilation, and that ordinary moviegoers could ponder if the characters' motivations were not so numbingly nitwit. Upscale sleaze—so what else is new?

Body Double required only modest trimming to fit into the movie industry's R rating. *Crimes of Passion* nearly underwent evisceration. This story of a demure dress designer (Kathleen Turner) who is an uninhibited hooker by night was submitted four times to the ratings board. It finally received an R only after one entire

sequence (involving the prostitute, a policeman and his nightstick), several other shots and some lines of dialogue were removed (Wanted: a new rating, between R and X, for serious nonporn sex films. How about an S?) Even now, it is one steamy, and perversely compelling, picture, earning laughs halfway between a derisive snort and the bark of astonishment. Within the film's first few minutes, Russell and Screenwriter Barry Sandler have thrown every visual, verbal and sexual excess at the viewer. A played-out stripper dances while men masturbate at peepholes and a deranged preacher (Anthony Perkins) imagines her dead on the floor. The hooker dresses up in a tiara and a blue satin gown to play a beauty-pageant contender with an unusual talent. Neon flares like a headache in hell, and the screen seems caked with guilt and sweat.

A heart (and it has one). *Crimes of Passion* is about the sad, sybaritic pleasures embraced by men too old to grow up. And the hooker-dominatrix is really a dark angel who gives herself whole-bodied to her clients' midnight dreams. No less, Turner throws herself headfirst into the film, hyperventilating on the medium's potential for erogenous adventure. This is a clever, daring, mad performance in a movie that is just as reckless.

Crimes of Passion and its more lurid brethren in the skin trade are not for everyone, but they should at least be available for any consenting adult to savor or condemn. The porn vigilantes ignore two important partners in a work of fiction: the filmmaker, whose point of view explains and may even criticize the violent acts he depicts; and the moviegoer, who may just be perceptive enough to realize that what is happening on screen is merely a persuasive game of let's pretend. Movies did not create the problem of sexual violence. Suppressing them will not solve it.

—By Richard Corliss

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Music

Champagne Time for Beverly Sills

City Opera's ex-diva restores it to vitality and stability

Before Puccini's *La Rondine* opened at the New York City Opera this season, all the signs pointed to a disaster. The work was little known, and had been dismissed by earlier generations as inconsequential. The intended conductor, C. William Harwood, died unexpectedly last April at the age of 36, and the lead soprano withdrew. During the dress rehearsal, Tenor Barry McCauley objected to Conductor Alessandro Siciliani's tempos and stormed off, while Siciliani threatened to take the next plane back to Italy. Peace

phen Sondheim's Grand Guignol Broadway masterpiece, *Sweeney Todd*; next month it presents Philip Glass's new opera *Akhmat*. Splendid singing? Clarion-voiced Tenor Jerry Hadley shone as Tom Rakewell in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, and the company's impressive roster of young sopranos this season includes Kaaren Erickson, Elizabeth Hynes and Elizabeth Knighton.

The vital signs are good, especially for a company on the brink not long ago. "I remember taking the books home one

days before, I didn't have the courage."

Gradually, she brought the situation under control. The \$1.8 million deficit is being eliminated with a grant from the late Philanthropist Leslie R. Samuels, a music lover who also paid for the acoustical renovation of the New York State Theater, the company's home. New York City Mayor Edward Koch increased the city's support to \$1.3 million annually. She combined the two seasons into one that runs from July through mid-November. Out of economic necessity, new productions are more innovative than lavish: Frank Corsaro's *Carmen*, set during the Spanish Civil War, cost only \$38,000.

In the process, Sills has shed her image as America's sweetheart prima donna for a new persona as an impresario. "I have learned a lot," she says with pride. "I am taking a course in lighting. I can look at a flat design and know if it will come into 3-D. My singers know they will be well lit and not forced to wear unbecoming costumes. The backstage crew calls me boss. Beverly Sills superstar is gone."

Attendance is up, and one reason is the use of supertitles, translations projected above the stage. Although Sills did not invent them (they were first used in Toronto), she has popularized the technique. Supertitles have rightly been criticized for occasional inaccuracy, for anticipating the punch lines of jokes and for injecting an element of television into the opera house, but Sills strongly defends them. "Do I want to tell someone who has worked on Wall Street until 5:30 to study the libretto or take a course in German?" she asks. "Do I want people sitting in my audience with a libretto and flashlight?"

Not everything has been rosy this year. Despite the appointment of American Conductor Christopher Keene as music director in 1982, the conducting on the whole remains below par, and neither of the principal singers in *Lakmé* had the proper French timbre or sense of style for their roles. *Sweeney Todd* is more gruesomely appealing in a smaller house, and the City Opera's lead cast does nothing to erase the memory of George Hearn and Angela Lansbury.

Sills, Sills plans to continue in this season's vein. She will encourage provocative, revisionist productions of classic operas. There will be more modern works (Sills and Sondheim are discussing a full-fledged opera, and she hopes to commission Glass's next piece) as well as selected revivals of Broadway shows like *South Pacific*. "We should be looked at as an experimental company," says Sills, contrasting the City Opera's image with that of the grander Metropolitan Opera next door at Lincoln Center. "[Music Director] Jimmy Levine agrees with me that the Met should be like the Metropolitan Museum, and we should be like the Museum of Modern Art."

—By Michael Walsh



The impresario at work in her office: "Beverly Sills superstar is gone"

was restored, but two hours before the curtain, a can of drain cleaner exploded in the face of the orchestra's harpist; a hasty search was undertaken for a substitute to play the crucial part.

A night to forget? Not at all. *La Rondine* turned out to be the biggest, freshest City Opera triumph in years, and it symbolizes the remarkable recovery the company has made under General Director Beverly Sills. From a debt-ridden organization that was also floundering artistically, the City Opera is re-emerging as a vital musical force, offering adventurous new repertory and sparkling singing. Even its finances are improved. Says the irrepressible Sills, whose sanguinity was tested by the tribulations of the past five years: "I stuck out all the garbage, and now I'm going to enjoy the caviar and champagne."

There is much to enjoy. New and unusual works? In addition to *La Rondine*, the company has revived Léo Delibes' fragile song of the subcontinent, *Lakmé*, and mounted an operatic staging of Ste-

phen Sondheim's *Grand Guignol* Broadway masterpiece, *Sweeney Todd*; next month it presents Philip Glass's new opera *Akhmat*. Splendid singing? Clarion-voiced Tenor Jerry Hadley shone as Tom Rakewell in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*, and the company's impressive roster of young sopranos this season includes Kaaren Erickson, Elizabeth Hynes and Elizabeth Knighton.

The vital signs are good, especially for a company on the brink not long ago. "I remember taking the books home one night after I became director and my husband telling me it was hopeless," says Sills. There was a multimillion-dollar deficit. The split season (eleven weeks in the fall, ten in the spring) meant redundant start-up costs of \$1 million each year. Production expenses were spiraling. "There were days when I could hardly talk myself into coming to the office," she says. "There would be a big meeting on Tuesday morning, and I would be told there was no money for the Friday payroll."

Sills, aware that her first priority was to use her celebrity status as newly retired diva to raise funds, often traded a personal appearance for a donation. Inevitably, quality suffered while she concentrated on money: City Opera hit its aesthetic nadir in 1982 with a tired *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* by Offenbach and a ludicrous *Lombardi* by Verdi, which Sills didn't see until the dress rehearsal. "I have had my turkeys," she admits. "Had I seen it earlier, I would have pulled *Lombardi* out of the repertory. But two

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